American Girl®

NANEA

1941

The Spirit of Aloha

For Clio, my mo'opuna wahine, with much aloha

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Published by American Girl Publishing

19 20 21 22 23 24 QP 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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Cover image by Mike Heath and Chris Hynes · Vignettes by Kelley McMorris
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Cataloging-in-Publication Data available from the Library of Congress

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NANEA
1941

The Spirit of Aloha

by Kirby Larson

American Girl®

Aloha
from
HAWAII

Nanea's Family and Friends

Papa & Mom
Nanea's parents

David
Nanea's 17-year-old brother

Mary Lou
Nanea's 15-year-old sister

Tutu & Tutu Kane
Nanea's grandparents

Auntie Rose
Nanea's next-door neighbor, who makes flower leis

Lily
Nanea's oldest friend

Tommy
Lily's younger brother, who is 5

Gene
Lily's older brother, who is 17

Aunt Betty & Uncle Fudge
Lily's parents

Donna
Nanea's close friend who moved to Hawaii from California

Mrs. Lin
A neighbor of Nanea's who owns a small shop

A Peek into
Nanea's World
Nanea lives in Hawaii on the island of Oahu, so you'll see some Hawaiian words in this book. The meaning and pronunciation of these words are provided in the glossary on page 132.
Nanea's name is pronounced nah-NAY-ah. It means "delightful and pleasant."
KO'OLAU RANGE
SUGARCANE FIELDS
NANEA'S HOUSE
PEARL HARBOR
HONOLULU
ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL
HICKAM FIELD
ALOHA TOWER
WAIKIKI BEACH
DIAMOND HEAD
HANAUMA BAY

Table of Contents

1 Not the Baby of the Family 1

2 Kokua 13

3 Turkey Day 19

4 A Sky Full of Planes 27

5 The Real McCoy 33

6 Missing 41

7 War 48

8 Lost and Found 57

9 Kitten Trouble 65

10 Hellos and Good-byes 76

11 Puka 82

12 Mele Kalikimaka 91

13 Doggone It 97

14 Absolutely Essential 103

15 Anything for a Friend 108

16 Talking Story 117

17 Alohas at the Dock 123

Inside Nanea's World 128

Glossary of Hawaiian Words 132

Not the Baby of the Family

CHAPTER 1

Sunlight slivered through the blinds. Nanea Mitchell stretched, breathing in the sweet outside smells of ginger and plumeria and the savory inside smells of breakfast. Sausage! *Mele* thumped her tail in anticipation.

"Good morning, you silly *poi* dog," Nanea said, giving Mele a pat. She hopped out of bed and turned the wall calendar from October to November 1941. It was Saturday, so Nanea dressed for hula lessons, putting on a sleeveless blouse and a pair of shorts.

Her fifteen-year-old sister, Mary Lou, yawned, loosening her braids as she slid out of her bed across the room. She walked to the vanity, shaking her dark waves over her shoulders, and clicked on her little Admiral radio.

"Your hair looks nice," Nanea said.

Mary Lou picked up her hairbrush and turned to Nanea. "Let me fix yours."

"It's fine!" Nanea leaped out of reach.

"Alice Nanea Mitchell!" Mary Lou scolded, using Nanea's full name. "Sometimes you are so childish."

"Not today." Nanea picked up her *'eke hula*, a basket for carrying costumes and implements. "See? I'm all ready for hula class."

Nanea had both sets of wooden dancing sticks. The *kala'au* were the size of a ruler; when she hit them together, they made a *tick-tick* sound like the big clock in her third-grade classroom. The longer *pu'ili* made a happy noise that reminded Nanea of the cash register at Pono's Market, her grandparents' store.

That reminded her of something else. "Why can't I go to work with you after class today?" she asked. "*Tutu* says I'm a big help."

"Tutu spoils you," Mary Lou answered, fluffing her hair, "because you're the baby of the family."

Nanea knew that their grandmother did *not* spoil her, and that she was *not* a baby. But before she could say anything to Mary Lou, their brother David ducked his head into the girls' bedroom, sending in a wave of Old Spice aftershave.

Nanea noticed the ukulele case in his hand. "You playing today?" she asked.

Seventeen-year-old David worked as a bellboy at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, but sometimes he filled in when one of the musicians was sick, or surfing.

"Maybe," he said. "I'm a Boy Scout. I'm always

prepared." When her big brother smiled, Nanea thought he was as handsome as any movie star. "Breakfast is ready. Come on."

The girls followed him to the kitchen.

"Good morning!" Nanea said, kissing Papa's cheek. His hair was wet from the shower.

"More like good night for me," Papa replied. He worked the graveyard shift, so he went to bed after breakfast, which was really his dinner. "Do you like my aftershave?" Papa grinned. "Instead of Old Spice, it's Old Fuel."

Nanea had heard that joke a million times, but she laughed anyway. Nothing washed away the smell of oil that Papa got from working as a welder at the Pearl Harbor shipyard. There were so many ships. And planes, too, at Hickam Field next to the shipyard. David said because Pearl Harbor was a big deal in the Pacific, Papa was a big deal in the Pacific. That always made Papa laugh.

Nanea turned to her mother. "Why can't I work at Pono's Market? I'm nearly ten."

Mom tucked a stray lock of hair behind Nanea's ear. "Don't be in such a hurry to grow up."

"Yeah, Monkey." David waved his fork. "Enjoy being a kid as long as you can."

"I would love to be nine again," Mary Lou said. "No responsibilities."

Nanea frowned. She had plenty of responsibilities! She took care of Mele and set the table and always turned in her homework on time. But Nanea wanted grown-up responsibilities, like working at the market.

"Is that a storm cloud on someone's face?" Papa teased Nanea.

She leaned her head against her father's. His hair was carrot-red and hers was brown; he had blue eyes, she had hazel. The Mitchell kids were all born on Oahu like Mom. Papa had been born in Beaverton, Oregon, far away. He grew up on a farm, not in a city like Honolulu. Despite those differences, Nanea and Papa were very much alike. They loved many of the same things: the funnies, fishing, and dogs—especially Mele. Nanea wrapped her arms around Papa's neck and squeezed two times. That was their secret code for "Buddies forever."

She sat down and poured a glass of fresh pineapple juice. "Being the youngest doesn't mean I can't do grown-up things," Nanea complained. She wondered why her *'ohana*, her family, never gave her the chance to prove it.

Papa smiled. "I remember chomping at the bit to drive the tractor on Grandpop Mitchell's farm. It was so hard to wait until I was thirteen."

"And your grandfather said I had to learn the times tables before I could run the cash register." Mom poured

herself more coffee. "It took a lot of flash cards before I rang up that first sale."

"*Tutu Kane* said you were nine," Nanea said between bites of egg. "My age."

Papa pretended to cast a line. "I hear the fish are biting," he said. "Maybe later you could round up the other two Kittens to catch us some supper." He called Nanea and her two best friends, Lily Suda and Donna Hill, the Three Kittens after the nursery rhyme. "Some fresh fish would be so *'ono*, delicious." Papa waggled his eyebrows, and Nanea had to laugh. When Papa said Hawaiian words, he sounded like a newcomer even though he'd lived on Oahu for years.

"Look at the time!" Mom said. "You girls better scoot to hula class!"

Outside, Mary Lou's rubber slippers slapped against the sidewalk while Nanea's bare feet made soft *pat-pat-pat* sounds. Mele ran behind them. She had come to hula lessons since the day Nanea had started when she was four years old.

At Tutu's, Nanea greeted her grandmother in the traditional way, pressing foreheads and noses together and taking a deep breath. This was the *ha* part of *aloha*, the

breath. The other part, *alo*, meant to share, to be close. Tutu had taught Nanea that this meant they were breathing each other's essence.

Nanea turned her cheek to catch the regular kiss that would follow. Then she skipped off to join Mary Lou and the other dancers lined up outside the *lanai*. The covered porch at the back of the house was Tutu's hula studio.

When Tutu pulled out the *ipu*, gourd drum, everyone quieted. Nanea gathered her thoughts, focusing her heart and her mind on the lesson to come.

"*Makaukau?*" Tutu began every class by asking the dancers if they were ready.

"*Ae*," the girls answered. Yes.

With Tutu marking time on the ipu, the dancers warmed up by practicing all their basic hula steps.

"Very nice," Tutu said. She set the drum aside and put a record on the phonograph. As "Lovely Hula Hands" began to play, the dancers Nanea's age formed their lines and began the hula they would perform for the United Service Organization programs. Tutu's students had been regular USO performers for many years.

Next the older girls danced. Nanea hoped she would someday be good enough to dance a solo, like the one Mary Lou was practicing. Nanea thought her sister was doing the steps perfectly, but in the middle of the song,

Tutu lifted the needle from the record.

"Noelani," she began, calling Mary Lou by her Hawaiian middle name, "you must remember to keep your fingers soft and your back straight." As she placed the needle back on the record, Tutu spoke to all the dancers. "There is no shame in a mistake. There is only shame in not learning from it."

Tutu's corrections never sounded like scoldings. She was a *kumu hula*, a master teacher who had been teaching for many years, just as her mother had taught before her.

Nanea held her head high, honored to carry on the hula tradition that had been part of her family for generations.

After class, Nanea and Mary Lou sat on the front porch with Tutu, waiting for David. It wasn't long before he arrived to give Tutu and Mary Lou a ride to Pono's Market.

"See you later, sis," Mary Lou said.

Tutu smoothed the skirt of her *muʻumuʻu* and gave Nanea a kiss good-bye. "Aloha, *keiki*," she said. "You did well in class today."

Nanea watched Mary Lou climb into the backseat while David held the passenger door open for Tutu. With a wave, David drove off, and Nanea turned and headed the other way, toward home.

If only Nanea was going to the store, too! She would

sort all the penny candy into the right jars while Tutu Kane talked with the customers. Nanea would tidy the colorful displays of produce and dust the shelves of canned goods. She would straighten the bolts of fabric. She'd open the doors for the neighborhood aunties—the older women she'd known her whole life—as they left with their shopping bags bulging with purchases that Tutu had rung up. "Mary Lou would see I'm not a baby anymore," Nanea told Mele as they walked home. "If only I could help."

Mele wagged her tail in agreement.

Nanea arrived home just as Mom was taking a batch of guava bread out of the oven. When there was a knock at the door, Mele sang a greeting. *A-roo! Aroo!* Her name meant "song."

Donna and Lily were at the door. "*E komo mai*, welcome!" Nanea called to the other two Kittens. "Or should I say, e komo meow?"

Lily Suda made a small bow. She was Nanea's oldest friend, and the Mitchells and Sudas were like family. Nanea called Lily's parents Uncle Fudge and Aunt Betty, and Lily called Nanea's parents Uncle Richard and Aunt May. The families lived on the same street, often shared meals, and celebrated holidays together. Nanea and Lily had gone out many times with Uncle Fudge on his sampan, a Japanese fishing boat, to help him catch *'ahi* and other

fish to sell. Aunt Betty taught the girls how to fold origami geckos and koi and cranes.

That was one of the best things about living in Hawaii. The islands were like a jigsaw puzzle where people of all different shapes and colors fit together. There were people from Japan, like Aunt Betty and Uncle Fudge, and from Portugal, like their mailman Mr. Cruz, and from China, like Mrs. Lin, who had a tiny crack seed shop where she sold dried fruits. And of course there were *haoles*, like Papa and Donna's family, who came from all over the mainland.

Behind Lily, Donna chomped on her bubble gum. Donna's family had moved from San Francisco three years earlier so her father could work in the Pearl Harbor shipyard, like Papa. Donna had walked up to Nanea and Lily in first grade and said, "Hi! What are your names?" After school, Donna had given them each a piece of bubble gum, and that was the beginning of the Three Kittens.

When her family first arrived in Honolulu, Donna had been reluctant to try any new foods. But she soon learned to love Aunt Betty's sweet rice *mochi*, Portuguese *malasada* doughnuts, and especially Mom's guava bread.

Now Donna stopped chewing her gum. "Do I smell guava bread?" she asked.

Mom laughed. "I baked two loaves in case some hungry Kittens wandered by." She cut three thick slices while

Donna threw away her gum.

The girls took the bread out on the porch so that they wouldn't wake Nanea's father, who was still sleeping.

"How was hula class?" Lily asked. She couldn't take Saturday morning lessons with Tutu because that's when she had Japanese language class. But Lily liked dancing as much as Nanea did. Donna had tried taking hula lessons, but she decided she wasn't much of a dancer.

"It was fun," Nanea answered. "Tutu started to teach us a new dance to perform at the USO Christmas show next month." Then Nanea looked at Donna. "What do you have there?"

Donna lifted her arm and a newspaper slid out.

Nanea caught it before it fell in the dirt. "Isn't this your dad's?" Nanea had never met anyone who was so interested in the news. Mr. Hill was always talking to Papa about the war in Europe.

Donna took another bite of bread. "He saw something we'd be interested in."

"What?" Lily asked.

Donna shrugged. "He said we'd find it."

Nanea opened the paper, skimming headlines about battles in Germany and Russia.

"It seems like everybody's in the war except America," Lily said.

"Skip those war stories," Donna said. "They don't have anything to do with us here on Oahu."

Nanea pressed her finger to the paper. "A contest!"

"The Honolulu Helping Hands Contest," read Lily.

"That must be what Dad meant," Donna said.

"The grand prize is a brand-new Schwinn bike," Nanea added.

Donna whistled. "That *is* interesting."

"What are the rules?" Lily asked.

"We have to do these four things by December fifteenth to win the bike," Nanea explained, pointing to the list.

"*Enter* to win, you mean," said Lily.

Donna counted on her fingers. "That's a month and a half from now. We'd have to check off one thing about every two weeks."

Lily leaned over Nanea's shoulder. "The first one's a snap: Do a good deed for a stranger. But look at the second one: Show appreciation for your family." She made a face. "That means I'd have to do something nice for Tommy." Even Nanea had to admit that Lily's five-year-old brother was a handful.

"How can a kid make a difference in the community?" Donna asked, reading the third requirement.

"What about that last task: Turn trouble into triumph?" Lily said. "I don't know what that means."

Nanea thought about one of her troubles. Her family always treated her like a baby. How could she turn *that* into a triumph?

Donna shook her head. "This seems too hard."

"I agree," Lily said. "Even if you did everything, you might not win the bike."

Nanea pictured herself looking so grown-up on a shiny new bike. *Wait a minute!* Nanea thought, jumping up. *Doing everything for the contest and winning that bike would surely prove that she wasn't a baby!*

"I'll be right back." Nanea ran inside, quickly returning with a piece of paper and a pencil.

"What are you doing?" Lily asked.

"I'm copying down the rules." Nanea smiled. "I'm going to enter this contest. And I'm going to win!"

Kokua

CHAPTER 2

Rose Momi had been Nanea's neighbor for so long that she was part of Nanea's 'ohana. Nanea called her Auntie Rose. So did Lily and Donna. Auntie Rose made beautiful *leis*, which she sold to the tourists on the pier.

Nanea had made plenty of leis as part of hula class, and Lily knew how to make them, too. But Donna didn't. Auntie Rose had offered to teach her, and Lily and Nanea wanted to sit in on the lesson. So the Three Kittens were with Auntie Rose on her back porch, surrounded by baskets of plumeria blossoms.

Auntie Rose gave each girl a basket of flowers, along with needles and crochet thread. "Now, dip the needle in petroleum jelly," Auntie Rose instructed. "That keeps the blossoms from tearing."

Donna dipped her needle and then poked it at a flower petal. "I'm all thumbs when it comes to sewing," Donna confessed.

"Slide your needle through the eye of the bloom," Auntie Rose told her. She showed Donna what to do. As they all worked, Auntie Rose told them what it was like

to grow up on Oahu when she was a girl and how she learned to make leis from her tutu.

"One of my favorite things about Hawaii is that people take time to talk," Donna said.

"We've all grown up talking story," Nanea said. Lily nodded in agreement.

"Our ancestors didn't write down their stories," Auntie Rose explained. "They told them to one another. Talking story keeps our past alive. And taking time to talk story helps us get to really know one another. It helps us really care about our friends and neighbors."

"Well, I like it," Donna said. "When I'm your age, Auntie Rose, I'm going to talk story to my children and grandchildren about living in Honolulu." She held up her tattered lei. "But I might skip the part about how bad I am at doing *this*!"

Auntie Rose chuckled and made a few tweaks to Donna's lei. "Better?" she asked.

Donna snapped her gum happily. "Better!" she said.

When the leis were long enough, the girls tied knots and snipped off the ends. The girls modeled their creations, and Auntie Rose complimented each one, pronouncing them all *nani*, beautiful. "There is a lot of aloha, a lot of love, in these leis," she said.

Donna giggled. "Maybe aloha makes up for the lumps."

"It's time for me to get to the pier and get ready for business," Auntie Rose said.

"We need to go, too," Lily said. "My dad is giving us a ride!" The girls were going to the pier to watch the enormous Matson ocean liner depart for the five-day return trip to San Francisco.

The girls showered Auntie Rose with thank-yous and then hurried up the street to Lily's house. Soon they were bouncing along in Uncle Fudge's truck. As they got closer to the pier, Nanea saw the Aloha Tower, the famous lighthouse that welcomed everyone into Honolulu Harbor.

Uncle Fudge eased into a parking spot, and the girls clambered out of the truck. As they all thumped up the two flights of stairs to the pier, Nanea smiled at the shower of paper streamers and confetti floating down from the ship's decks. She watched island boys diving for the coins that tourists tossed into the water as the Royal Hawaiian Band played. Mixing with the music were the cries of the lei sellers: "Carnation lei fifty cents; plumeria three for a dollar!" They displayed their wares to the hundreds of tourists leaving the island.

Some people bought leis to keep as souvenirs. But tradition said if you offered your lei to the ocean, and it made it back to shore, you would return to the island someday. The harbor was thick with floating flowers, because anyone

who had ever been to Oahu wanted to come back.

"There's Auntie Rose!" Nanea exclaimed, noticing the long line of tourists waiting to buy leis from her neighbor.

A woman with two children waited at the very end of the line. The little girl held on to her mother's skirt. The boy wore a cowboy hat and spun a lasso, trying to catch something. Nanea laughed. The Matson liner blew its horn, signaling that it was time to board.

"I'm sorry, children," the mother said sadly. "We don't have time to buy leis after all." She took their hands, and they started for the gangplank. The kids looked so disappointed—especially the little girl.

Nanea fingered the lei around her neck. She made a decision. "Wait!" she called, running after the family. Lily and Donna ran, too.

The family stopped, and the Kittens caught up to them. The little girl smiled shyly.

"Howdy, pardner," said the boy.

Donna laughed. "Howdy!"

Nanea knelt down in front of the little girl. "This is for you." Nanea placed her lei over the little girl's head.

Donna did the same with the little boy, and Lily held out her lei to the mother.

"Oh, that's so sweet." The mother fumbled with her pocketbook.

"No, no," Nanea said, standing up. "These are gifts."

The mother smiled warmly. "Thank you," she said. "*Mahalo*."

As the Kittens watched them climb the gangplank, the band began to play "Aloha 'Oe." One sweet voice rose above all the other sounds, casting the lyrics over the crowd like a fisherman's net.

The mother paused at the ship's rail to wave, and the children waved, too. The Kittens waved back.

"That was a good idea, Nanea," Donna said.

"I hated seeing those sad faces," Nanea answered.

"I just realized something," Lily said. "The first task for

the contest was to do a good deed for a stranger."

"*Kokua*," Donna said, using the Hawaiian word for a good deed.

Giving the leis to the family *was* kokua. Nanea hadn't even been thinking about the contest. But why couldn't it be both?

"Only three tasks to go," Nanea said. "And plenty of time, too."

Turkey Day

CHAPTER 3

On Thanksgiving morning, Nanea was in the kitchen, talking and laughing with her grandmother, mother, and sister. As they worked, Nanea breathed in the smoky smell of the *imu* fire in the backyard. Her mouth watered to think of the *kalua* pig cooking in the pit Papa had dug in the ground.

Tutu was pounding the *taro* with an old stone poi pounder. Nanea snuck a tiny taste of the purple poi. It was sweet on her tongue. "So 'ono!" She reached out for another taste, and Tutu playfully batted her hand away.

"You'll ruin your supper," Tutu said.

"Just one more bite?" Nanea begged.

Tutu laughed. "I can never say no to you, Nanea."

"Nobody can." Mary Lou stirred the macaroni salad. "That's how it is when you're the baby."

Nanea's good mood popped like a balloon. She gave Mary Lou the stink eye.

"Would you pick the flowers for the table?" Mom handed Nanea a hollowed-out pineapple. "David carved this for a vase."

Nanea took the pineapple and stomped outside. *Wait until I win that contest*, she thought, yanking hibiscus blossoms off the nearest bush. *Then Mary Lou will stop calling me a baby once and for all.* Nanea looked down. Crumpled blossoms lay at her feet. She took a deep breath and tried to calm down as she arranged the flowers in the vase.

"Very pretty," Tutu Kane said from the lanai. He winked. "The flowers are nice, too."

Nanea giggled. Tutu Kane kidded around like Papa did. She was glad Tutu Kane and Tutu lived only a few blocks away. She couldn't imagine living so far away from family, like Papa did.

"I'll take the flowers inside," Tutu Kane offered. As he went inside, Papa came out. Papa picked up an armload of long, green ti leaves and walked to the imu fire in the yard.

"Do you miss Oregon, Papa?" Nanea asked, following him.

"You kids keep me too happy to be homesick." He fed the leaves to the fire. Then he looked at Nanea. "But I so wish your grandparents could see what a lovely girl you're growing up to be." He brushed off his hands. "Time to set up the croquet game. Fudge thinks he's going to beat me this time!"

Papa whistled cheerfully as he tapped the wickets in with a croquet mallet. Nanea imagined he must feel a tiny

bit sad about being so far from home. As she watched him work, she got a terrific idea for bringing his Oregon family closer.

She hurried to her room and pulled her project box out from under her bed. Mele pawed at Nanea's leg as she removed the supplies she needed.

"Not now, girl," Nanea said, stapling several sheets of paper together to make a book. Then she reached for her crayons.

Every Thanksgiving, Papa shared the same story about the time his father brought home a young turkey. Papa named the turkey Fido because he came running like a dog when anyone whistled. Thanks to Papa's care, Fido was good and plump by the time November rolled around.

Nanea giggled as she drew Fido's round tummy. Mele tried to climb into Nanea's lap, but Nanea shooed her away. Nanea colored Fido's skinny legs orange. After dotting lots of freckles on Papa's face, she topped his head with bright red hair.

When Papa told his story, he explained that even though he was a farm boy, he could not bear to think of Fido as dinner. Two days before Thanksgiving, he took Fido and hid in the woods. Grandpop found him late that night; Grandmom had been worried sick.

On the last page of the book, Nanea drew Papa's whole

family—Grandpop, Grandmom, Uncle Frank, and Papa—sitting around a table loaded with good things to eat. But no turkey. She added a fifth chair to the table and drew Fido sitting there with everyone else. He ended up being Papa's pet, living to the grand old age of ten.

"The end," Nanea wrote. "What do you think, Mele?"

Mele whined.

"Well, I think Papa will like it." Nanea went outside to find him.

"What's this?" Papa asked when Nanea handed him the book. After he finished reading it, Papa swung her around. "My story is even better with your pictures."

"I thought it would help you feel closer to home," Nanea said.

"You are my home, sweetheart." Papa kissed the top of her head. "And boy am I thankful for you."

An hour later, Donna and her parents arrived. Auntie Rose came over, and then Lily's family filled the house. Lily carried Aunt Betty's sweet potato casserole into the kitchen and set it next to Mrs. Hill's wiggly Jell-O salad and Auntie Rose's homemade crescent rolls.

"Ready to lose at croquet?" Uncle Fudge called out.

"Do we have time to start a game before dinner?" Nanea asked.

"Just enough," Mom said as she carved the turkey and arranged slices on a large platter.

Everyone gathered in the backyard to play and talk when . . . *CRASH!*

Mom raced inside, and everyone followed. "Oh, no!" Mom cried.

The turkey was all over the kitchen floor, and Mele was wolfing down the meat. Nanea gasped.

"She managed to knock the platter off the counter," said Auntie Rose.

Mom shooed Mele away. "The turkey's ruined," she said, picking up the platter. She looked at Nanea. "You fed her this morning, right?"

Nanea had been so busy with her project for Papa that she'd completely forgotten that important job. That's what Mele had been trying to tell her while she was working on the book. She was hungry! Nanea hung her head.

"I guess we're carrying on the Mitchell tradition of a no-turkey Thanksgiving dinner," Papa said. He showed the book Nanea had made to Uncle Fudge. "I've told you this story, right?"

Uncle Fudge said, "Only fifty times!"

"More like a hundred," chuckled Auntie Rose.

"Thank goodness there's kalua pig," said David.

Mom was smiling, but her words to Nanea were firm. "I guess this means you'll be in charge of kitchen cleanup."

Nanea nodded. She *had* let Mele go hungry, and that had caused the big mess. "I'm sorry," Nanea said.

"I know," Mom said kindly. "We still have a feast to eat."

As Mom turned away, Tutu placed a hibiscus behind Nanea's ear. "Mistakes happen. You're a beautiful child."

Nanea sighed. She didn't want to be a child. She wanted to be grown-up. That would never happen if she didn't stop messing up.

The other two Kittens refused to let Nanea clean up by herself. After dinner, the girls took turns washing, rinsing, and drying the dishes. David and Mary Lou were outside playing croquet with Lily's brothers, and the adults were in the living room having coffee when Donna said, "Hey, I have a great joke. Knock, knock."

"Who's there?" Lily asked.

But before Donna could answer, Nanea shushed her. The grown-ups' voices had gotten quiet. Nanea went to lean against the kitchen doorway to listen.

"The negotiations with the Japanese aren't going well," Mr. Hill said.

"They have to!" Mom insisted. "If they don't . . ." but her voice just trailed off.

"It would be madness if Japan didn't cooperate," Tutu Kane said.

"I'm worried," said Uncle Fudge.

"Everything will be fine," said Aunt Betty. "The Japanese don't want to go to war with America."

"If negotiations are going badly, I'm not sure we'll be able to stay out of the fight," Mr. Hill replied.

"The diplomats will work things out," Mom said confidently. "Betty's right. The last thing Japan wants is a war with the United States."

"I agree," Tutu added.

"I hope you're right," Papa said. "Now, who wants to help me cover up the barbecue pit?"

The other men volunteered to go with Papa. There was a clattering of cups as Mom poured more coffee for the women.

Nanea went back to the sink. She scrubbed the last dirty pot extra hard. "Did you hear all that?" she asked Lily and Donna.

"What? About the war?" Donna blew a bubble and snapped it. "I don't listen to any of that."

But Lily was curious. "What about it?" she asked.

Nanea gave the pot one last scrub. She thought about telling them that Uncle Fudge was worried. But grown-ups worried all the time about stuff that didn't happen. Mom and Papa worried about David getting a ticket when he drove his old jalopy, but he never did. Tutu Kane fretted that he and Tutu were getting too old to run Pono's Market, but they still worked in the shop every day.

Nanea let the water out of the sink. "Nothing," she replied. She repeated what Aunt Betty had said. "Everything will be fine."

A Sky Full of Planes

CHAPTER 4

No matter how long I've lived here, I still can't get used to being at the beach in December," Donna said. "It feels too warm for Christmas."

Nanea had written "Kittens" in the sand. Now she added the date: December 6, 1941. "The Matson Christmas tree ship should be here this week," she said. "Then it will really seem like the holidays."

"I can't wait!" Lily did a happy spin in the sand. "I love the smell of fir trees."

"You know what I love?" Nanea asked. "Shave ice!"

"Good idea!" Lily rubbed her tummy.

At the shave ice stand, Lily said, "I'll have lemon, please." The shave ice man mounded the tiny ice crystals into a paper cup, picked up the bottle of yellow syrup, and drizzled it over the ice.

Donna chose orange, and Nanea ordered strawberry. As the girls shuffled back to their towels, Donna asked Nanea how she was doing on the Helping Hands contest.

"Isn't the deadline coming up?" Lily asked as she settled, cross-legged, on her towel.

Nanea sat down on her towel. "December fifteenth. Nine days. But I've been so busy with homework and practicing hula for the Christmas performance at the USO that it's been hard to find time to work on the contest."

"You have two tasks to do, right?" Donna asked.

"The two hardest: Make a difference in my community, and turn trouble into triumph."

"Trouble into triumph," Donna repeated. "Thanksgiving was trouble, right?"

"It sure was," agreed Nanea. She let the shave ice trickle down her throat, thinking about the ruined turkey.

"What if you turned *that* into triumph?" Lily asked. "What about making a nice meal for your family to make up for the ruined one? My mom likes breakfast in bed."

"But how could I make breakfast in bed for everyone?" Nanea sighed. She had visions of spilling pancake syrup on her parents or splashing milk and Corn Flakes on Mary Lou and David.

"What if you just make breakfast?" Donna asked.

Lily nodded. "You could make something special."

"What a keen idea, Kittens!" Then Nanea's smile faded. "But I'm not allowed to use the stove by myself."

"Maybe you could trade something with Auntie Rose for a plate of her malasadas," Donna suggested.

"And you could serve papaya and cold cereal, like they

do at the Royal Hawaiian," Lily added.

"I'll get up early tomorrow and set everything out," Nanea said. "And I'll do all the cleaning up after."

"You have lots of practice with cleaning up," Lily teased.

"You can say that again," Nanea agreed.

Auntie Rose was happy to trade the basket of plumeria Nanea had picked for a batch of malasadas. Nanea borrowed Auntie's alarm clock, too, so she wouldn't oversleep. When it rang the next morning, she turned it off quickly so it wouldn't wake Mary Lou. But Nanea shouldn't have worried. Her sister could sleep through anything.

Nanea set the table, placing the platter of sweet, puffy malasadas right in the center. And to make it really fancy, she'd made a place card for each person. This breakfast would certainly show her family that their "baby" was growing up!

She popped into the backyard to cut some hibiscus to set in the center of the table. The early morning air was fresh and clean. Nanea could smell the delicate yellow blossoms of the ginger plants from Mrs. Lin's garden. They would be pretty on the table, too, and Mrs. Lin never minded sharing. A little zebra dove perched on the fence, cooing at Nanea as she snipped a handful of ginger

"Wh-wh-what's happening?" Nanea cried.
"I don't know," David whispered.

blooms. Nanea cooed back, and they had a cheerful conversation about that shiny new bike Nanea was going to win in the contest.

Startled by a loud rumbling sound, the little bird flew off. Nanea was startled, too. She looked up to see the sky dotted with planes, flying in formation. Nanea was used to seeing planes from Hickam Field practicing maneuvers, but something was different. Why were they flying so low? One plane dipped down, down, down, and Nanea could see a round red sun on its tail. Every schoolkid on the island knew what that red "meatball" meant: Japanese Zeros! Those were fighter planes!

One loud boom after another after another shattered the quiet morning. In the distance, toward Wheeler Airfield, thick columns of oily black punched bruises in the blue sky. Nanea screamed.

David flew out of the house and snatched Nanea inside.

"Wh-wh-what's happening?" Nanea cried.

"I don't know," David whispered. He carried her to the living room as their parents rushed down the hall.

David put Nanea on the sofa, and Mom and Papa sat on either side of her. As Nanea described what she'd seen, Mom held her close. Papa kissed Nanea's forehead and then switched on the radio.

"It's eight-oh-four a.m., and this is your KGMB announcer,

interrupting this program to recall all Army, Navy, and Marine Corps personnel to duty."

Nanea shivered, and Mom tucked one of Tutu's crocheted afghans around her.

Everyone stayed glued to the radio for the next fifteen minutes while the announcer called twice more for military personnel to report to duty. Then police officers and firefighters were ordered to report. But there was no explanation for what Nanea had seen.

"I better get to the shipyard." Papa jumped up and ran to the phone. Nanea heard him call Mr. Hill. "Be ready in five minutes."

"But you're not military," Mom protested when Papa hung up.

"I'm sure they'll need civilian workers, too," Papa said, pulling on his coveralls and work boots. Minutes later, he roared away in their sedan.

Nanea glanced at the clock. It was eight thirty-five. Her family was supposed to be at the kitchen table now, enjoying the special breakfast she'd prepared. It seemed hours ago that she'd cut flowers for the table. Despite the warm afghan, Nanea trembled as if she were sitting in the icebox.

Papa had barely been gone five minutes when another announcer shouted into the microphone. "*This is no maneuver. This is the real McCoy. Enemy airplanes have attacked.*"

The Real McCoy

CHAPTER 5

Nanea squeezed against the sofa cushions, making herself as small as possible. Enemy airplanes! Those *were* Japanese Zeros she'd seen.

David ran down the hall just as Mary Lou padded into the living room, rubbing her eyes. "What's going on?" she asked sleepily.

"It's an attack," Nanea said. With those words, she started to cry.

"Attack?" Mary Lou looked at Mom. "I don't understand. How? Who?"

"So far, all we know is that enemy planes have attacked the island." Mom swallowed hard. "Planes with rising suns on them."

"The Japanese?" Mary Lou wrapped her arms around herself. "But we talked about it in class last week. There were negotiations in Washington. Things were supposed to work out."

Fire truck sirens growled in the distance. Nanea edged closer to Mom.

"The man on the radio said all military personnel had

to report to their stations," Nanea said. She didn't bother to wipe away her tears. "But Papa left, too. And Mr. Hill."

Mary Lou covered her face with her hands. "Turn the radio up," she said. "Maybe there's an update."

Mom edged off the couch to adjust the volume, and the three of them listened intently. David rushed back into the living room, buttoning his Boy Scout shirt.

"I'm going to report to my post at the VFW hall. That's what we're supposed to do in an emergency," he said, brushing Mom's cheek with a kiss. "Don't know when I'll be back."

"You'd better ride your bike," Mom said. "They just told civilians to keep their cars off the roads." Then she grabbed David's arm and held it. "Be safe, son."

"I will." David looked at Nanea. "Don't worry about me," he said, flashing his Hollywood smile.

After David left, Nanea jumped off the sofa and ran to the front window. Pressing her nose against the glass, she watched her brother pedal away until he was no bigger than a papaya seed.

"Mom, Mom!" Mary Lou shouted, cranking the volume knob on the radio. Mom's favorite KGMB announcer, Webley Edwards, was speaking.

"Listen carefully. The island of Oahu is being attacked by enemy planes. The center of this attack is Pearl Harbor, but the

planes are attacking airfields as well. Now keep your radio on and tell your neighbors to do the same. I repeat. We are under attack by enemy planes."

"David!" Nanea pounded her hand on the window. "Come back!" But he was gone.

"The attack's at Pearl Harbor." Mary Lou fell to her knees in front of the radio.

"Pearl Harbor?" Nanea trembled all over with a sudden realization. "That's where Papa went."

Mom pulled Nanea away from the window. "He'll be fine," she said firmly. "David, too."

With all her heart, Nanea wanted to believe those words.

Mom reached for the telephone and began to dial.

"Mother! Are you all right?" Mom put her hand to her cheek as she listened. "Oh, that's awful."

Nanea wondered what was awful.

"But you and Dad are okay?" Mom grasped the receiver so tight that her knuckles turned white. "Thank goodness. You need to come here," Mom said. "Right away. Richard's gone to the shipyard." She listened, nodded, listened some more. "Better plan to stay. Who knows what we're up against."

Mom hung up the phone. Nanea had been concentrating so hard on her mother's conversation that she hadn't been aware of the sirens, which were roaring louder and louder. She shivered, remembering the thick black plumes of smoke smudging the blue, blue sky.

"The radio announcer just told us to fill our bathtubs with water," Mary Lou said. "Buckets, too. In case the Japanese cut off our water supply." She jumped up from the floor and dashed to the bathroom.

Nanea froze in front of the radio, afraid to miss another word. The announcer was speaking in his smooth-as-butter voice, as if talking about the price of pineapples or sugar. "*Here is a warning to all people through the Territory of Hawaii and especially the island of Oahu. In the event of an air raid, stay under cover. I repeat. If an air raid should begin, do not go out of doors. Stay under cover.*"

A rapping at the front door made Nanea jump a mile. It was Auntie Rose. "Everyone okay?" she asked.

Mom grabbed her hand. "Yes. You?"

"There are a few bullet holes in my kitchen walls," Auntie Rose said in disbelief. "But I'm all right."

Mom's face paled. "I'm glad you came here. You shouldn't be alone."

Nanea stared. There were bullet holes? Right next door? She shivered even harder.

Auntie Rose stepped closer. "Don't you fret. The planes are gone now." Her voice was light, but Nanea could tell that she was worried. Auntie Rose tugged the afghan tighter around Nanea before glancing over at Mom. "Why did they do this?" she asked.

"Because of the military bases here?" Mom guessed. "All the ships and planes . . ." Her voice dwindled.

"Don't they know what it will mean?" Auntie Rose sat heavily on the sofa.

Nanea remembered the grown-ups' conversation she'd overheard at Thanksgiving. She jerked her head toward Mom, feeling a new wave of worry.

Mom pressed her lips together and stared at the radio.

"Can I go see Lily?" Nanea asked, heading toward the front door. Lily hated sirens. She'd be so frightened. "NO!" Mom shouted. "I mean," she said, softening her voice, "no one goes outside."

But Auntie Rose went outside to come over here, Nanea thought. *And David and Papa went outside to help. And Tutu and Tutu Kane are outside right now, driving to our house.* She didn't give voice to her thoughts. It didn't seem right to argue with Mom. Not now.

Mom kissed the top of Nanea's head. "I'm going to make some coffee," she said. When Mom walked into the kitchen, she saw the table and Nanea's breakfast surprise.

"Did you do this, Nanea? It looks lovely, honey. Can you eat a little something?"

But Nanea just shook her head. She couldn't eat when she was so upset.

"The bathtub's filled," Mary Lou reported.

Mom pulled several buckets out of the broom closet. "Fill these, too, please." She brushed her hair back from her face.

Nanea didn't know what to do. She went back to the living room and sat in front of the radio, hoping to hear some good news. But there wasn't any. Mary Lou came and sat with her while Mom and Auntie Rose spoke quietly in the kitchen.

Nearly two hours passed before Tutu Kane and Tutu finally arrived. Nanea and Mary Lou ran to the door to help their grandparents with their bags.

"Mahalo, keiki." Tutu moved slowly, like a landbound sea turtle. "My heart is so heavy. All this damage to our beautiful island."

"What took you so long?" Nanea asked. Her grandparents lived close enough that Nanea could walk there in fifteen minutes.

"We drove at a snail's pace," Tutu Kane explained. "The roads are packed with cars. People, too."

In a low voice, Tutu added, "We passed a sedan that was

covered with bullet holes."

Nanea shivered.

"The Reyes' house on Hauoli Street lost its roof," Tutu Kane said, referring to a good customer at Pono's Market.

"What about your store?" Auntie Rose asked.

"We called Mr. Lopez," Tutu Kane replied. "His bakery is next to Pono's, and he was able to check on our shops. Both are fine. No damage."

"What a relief!" Mom murmured.

"And he said he would keep an eye on things until we could get there." Tutu Kane paused. "Who knows when that will be?"

"The market is safe, but others weren't so lucky." Tutu let out such a heavy sigh that Nanea could practically feel it from where she stood. "Several stores in the McCully neighborhood burned to the ground. There was even a fire at the school."

"Which school?" Mary Lou asked.

Tutu Kane shook his head sadly. "Lunalilo," he whispered.

Mom put her arm around Nanea. For a moment, Nanea couldn't breathe. "My school is on fire?"

Tutu smoothed her hair. "Don't worry."

Everyone was telling her that. But how could she not worry? Nanea's legs gave way. Tutu caught her and pulled

her into her ample lap.

"Shh, shh," Tutu soothed.

Nanea couldn't bear to think about her classroom with its spinning globe and bright red pencil sharpener and colorful world map. All gone. She started to cry again.

"You're safe here," Tutu murmured.

Home had always been the safest place in the world. But within a few short hours, everything in Nanea's life had been turned upside down. She squeezed her eyes shut, trying only to see the beautiful things: palm trees, sandy beaches, fat white clouds. But all the images were edged in black.

Nanea's eyes popped open. Instead of news, a crackling static filled the room "What happened to the radio?"

"KGMB's off the air," Mary Lou said. "KGU, too." She turned the radio dial back and forth, but there was nothing.

Not one sound at all.

Missing

CHAPTER 6

There was nothing to do but wait. They all sat, ears straining to hear some news. Any news! But the radio stations were silent. Every one of them was off the air. Outside, Nanea could hear cars honking and sirens wailing, but somehow the quiet inside was even more frightening.

"Honey," Mom said to Nanea, "could you carry your grandparents' bags to your room?"

Nanea did as she was asked, knowing she'd miss more grown-up talk. Sure enough, as soon as she was out of sight, the murmuring started. *Why did Mary Lou get to stay and listen?* Nanea wondered.

Nanea was happy to give up her bedroom for Tutu and Tutu Kane. Having her grandparents in the house made her feel safer, and it meant there were two fewer people to worry about. She blinked away thoughts of Papa and David. They were strong and smart and brave. David's Hawaiian middle name was Kekoa, which meant "warrior." *Nothing will happen to him,* she told herself. *Or Papa.* A tear slid down her cheek anyway.

Nanea set the bags down. It was a good thing she didn't have to shoo Mele off her pillow. Tutu believed dogs belonged outside. But where was Mele? She always napped on Nanea's pillow.

"Mele?" Nanea called. "Did the noises scare you?" Nanea peeked under her bed and in her closet. She checked under Mom and Papa's bed and looked in David's room.

Nanea went to the kitchen, calling, "Here, girl!" She tried to remember when she had last seen Mele. Had she gone out in the yard while Nanea picked flowers? Nanea searched the house, but there was no Mele. Nanea was starting to panic. "Mom, I can't find Mele," Nanea called, running to the front door and opening it.

"Nanea!" Mom shouted. "Stop! Stay inside."

But it wasn't Mom's voice that made Nanea stop. It was Lily's. She was in her front yard, screaming.

"No! Daddy! No!"

Nanea had never heard her friend sound so frightened.

Two men in dark suits and fedora hats were leading Uncle Fudge to a black sedan parked at the curb. They looked like mobsters from the gangster movie the Kittens had seen a few weeks back. Lily ran after them, pleading. "Don't take him!"

Nanea started to go to Lily, but Mom held her back.

Ignoring Lily, the two men put Uncle Fudge in the backseat of the car and drove away.

"Stay here," Mom instructed before she hurried across the street and down the block to the Sudas' house. Nanea ran after her. Tutu ran after Nanea.

Lily was standing at the curb, crying. Nanea went to her, and Lily grabbed Nanea's hand.

"They took Daddy away," Lily sobbed.

Nanea did not understand what was happening. She turned to the front porch, where Aunt Betty stood twisting a dish towel around and around.

"They just barged in," she said.

Mom gently steered Aunt Betty into the house, and Nanea led Lily back into the living room.

Aunt Betty wiped her tears with the towel. "I don't know what to do, May," she said to Nanea's mom.

Nanea wasn't sure what to do either. Lily sat down in her father's chair, and tears rolled quietly down her face. Nanea got her friend a handkerchief and then squeezed next to her on the chair. Lily blew her nose. Nanea couldn't find any words to say.

"I could've stopped them," Tommy said, waving his toy six-shooters. "But Mother wouldn't let me."

"Put those toy guns away, Tommy," said Aunt Betty.

Lily's big brother Gene stared out the window. "They were FBI."

"What would the FBI want with your father?" Mom asked.

Aunt Betty shook her head.

Mom looked from Aunt Betty to Gene. "This must be a big mistake," said Mom.

"It's no mistake," Gene burst out. "It's because he looks like the enemy."

What did Gene mean? Nanea wondered. How could anyone ever think someone as good and kind as Uncle Fudge could look like an enemy?

"Calm down, please," Aunt Betty said. "This *is* a mistake, and we'll get it straightened out."

Tutu came out of the kitchen with a cup of tea for Aunt Betty.

"I know a lawyer who may be able to help," Nanea's mom said. She jumped up. "I'll try to call him right now." Aunt Betty and Tutu followed her into the kitchen.

"I'm scared," Lily whispered. "What if your mom is wrong? What if we can't get this straightened out? What's going to happen to my dad? To our family?" Fresh tears

made tracks down her cheeks.

"I'm scared, too," Nanea confessed. She told Lily what she'd seen from the backyard that morning, whispering so that Tommy wouldn't hear. "Everything is so mixed up," she said. "Papa and David both went off to help, and now your dad is gone, and . . ." Nanea's voice trailed off.

"What?" Lily asked.

"I can't find Mele," Nanea answered. And with that, she started to cry.

Lily took her hand and squeezed it tight.

Mom came out of the kitchen. "Come on, Nanea. We'd best get home." She turned to hug Aunt Betty. "I'll check on you later."

Aunt Betty nodded. "Thank you."

As they walked home, Nanea felt like a tiny canoe on a choppy sea. There was only one cure when she felt like this: Mele. No matter how bad things were, that poi dog could always make her feel better.

Nanea wanted to go look for Mele, but Mom said they had to get inside. She put her arm around Nanea as they hurried up the porch steps. "She'll turn up."

"Her empty belly will bring her back," Tutu agreed, holding the door open for Nanea.

Nanea looked up and down the street one last time. "Come home, Mele," she called sadly before going inside.

Late that afternoon, Mom stood on a step stool in front of the living room window. "Nanea, can you please hand that to me?" she asked, pointing to a dark green blanket tossed over the couch.

"What are you doing?" Nanea asked as she handed Mom the blanket.

"Covering the windows," Mom answered. "There's a blackout tonight."

Nanea was puzzled. "What's a blackout?"

"It means there can't be any lights at night. Not in the stores or on the streets or in houses." Mom tacked one corner of the blanket and then the other above the window frame, completely covering the glass. "That's why we have to hang up dark fabric or paper."

"I don't get it," Nanea said. "What good is having it all dark?"

Mary Lou brought Mom another armful of blankets and towels. "If enemy planes return, there won't be any lights to help them find the island," she said.

Are the planes going to come back? Nanea wondered. She glanced at Mom.

"It's only a precaution," Mom said quickly. "Let's not borrow trouble. There's nothing to worry about."

Mom kept saying there was nothing to worry about,

but Nanea thought there was plenty to worry about.

At six o'clock, when Mom turned out all the lights for the blackout, it was so dark inside the house that Nanea couldn't take two steps without bumping into something. "If the windows are all covered, why can't we turn on a lamp?" Nanea asked.

"We can't take any chances," Mom explained in the dark. "There will be air-raid wardens walking the neighborhoods, checking for any sign of light."

Nanea felt her way to the sofa and curled up. This time, instead of an afghan, she was wrapped up in fears and worries. *Would the planes come back? Would there be more bombs? Was Papa okay? And David? And Uncle Fudge? And where, oh where, was Mele?*

War

CHAPTER 7

A thump woke Nanea the next morning. She bolted upright. "What was that? Are the Japanese planes back?"

"It's the newspaper being delivered." Mary Lou sat up on the other end of the sofa. "Just the paper."

Nanea blinked, confused about why she was on the couch with Mary Lou. Then she remembered. Tutu and Tutu Kane had slept in their bedroom. Nanea leaned over the edge of the sofa.

"Good morning, silly poi dog," she said. Then she remembered something else from the day before. Mele was missing.

"Maybe she came home last night," Mary Lou said encouragingly. "Let's go look!"

Nanea followed Mary Lou to the kitchen. Tutu stood at the stove making eggs. Mom was dishing up rice. Tutu Kane came through the back door carrying the empty trash bin and the newspaper.

"Was Mele outside?" Mary Lou asked.

Tutu Kane shook his head.

"Has *anyone* seen her this morning?" Nanea's throat was so tight that it hurt to talk.

Mom set a plate on the table. "Honey, come eat breakfast. You'll feel better."

Nanea shook her head. "I won't feel better until Mele comes home."

"And that'll be soon," Mary Lou assured her.

"How about Papa or David?" Nanea asked, sitting down at the table. "Have they called?"

"I doubt they can use a phone. The lines are likely all tied up with emergencies," Mom said, rubbing her forehead. "But I know they'll check in as soon as they can."

"Fresh pineapple juice!" Tutu poured Nanea a glass. "Your favorite."

Nanea took a tiny sip, but the juice didn't ease the tightness in her throat. She sat, chin in hands, worrying.

Across the table, Tutu Kane unfolded the newspaper. The headline on the front page of the *Star-Bulletin* screamed: "War Declared on Japan by U.S."

"We're at war?" Nanea asked, her heart pounding.

"They attacked us," Mary Lou said. "What else could we do?"

Words jumped out at Nanea from the article. *Ships sunk. Sailors lost. Civilians killed.* She closed her eyes, unable to read any more.

Tutu Kane shook his head. "The Japanese generals must have known this would be the last straw."

Nanea's stomach felt like it did when she ate too many green mangoes. She bent over, feeling sick.

Tutu Kane saw her. He folded the paper, setting it aside. "This is for grown-ups to be concerned about." He nudged Nanea's plate closer to her. "Eat this good breakfast."

But Nanea couldn't eat. She knew Tutu Kane was trying to protect her. But this war wasn't just for grown-ups to think about. Kids were upset, too.

Mom placed some hard-boiled eggs in a hamper.

"Are we going on a picnic?" That seemed an odd thing to do on a Monday morning. "What about school?"

"Closed," Mary Lou said, "until further notice, according to the paper."

"Because of the fire?" Nanea felt confused.

"Because of the attacks," Mary Lou explained. "All the schools are closed."

Nanea's stomach hurt even worse. "So we're having a picnic since there's no school?"

"Not a picnic," Mom said. "This is for Fudge."

"Is he home?" Nanea sat forward, eager for good news.

"No." Mom bit her lip. "But the lawyer I spoke to yesterday found out that he's at the immigration station. I'm going with Betty and the children today to see him."

"I want to go, too," Nanea said.

Mom sliced some pineapple upside-down cake, adding it to the hamper. She looked at Nanea's plate. "Eat some breakfast first, and we'll see."

Nanea managed only two bites with her stomach so full of troubles. "When are we leaving?" she asked.

"In about an hour," Mom answered.

"Can I go outside and look for Mele?" Nanea asked.

"Yes," Tutu Kane said. "But stay nearby."

Nanea dressed as quickly as she could and then ran outside. At the bottom of the porch steps, she stopped and searched the sky. Not a plane in sight—friend or enemy. She let out a breath of relief. The smell of stale smoke overpowered the sweet fragrance of Mrs. Lin's ginger plants and the backyard mango trees. Even the mynah birds were silent.

She shivered a little, glancing back at her house. *Maybe I should stay inside. It's safe there,* Nanea thought. *No! I have to find Mele.* Summoning all her courage, Nanea walked to the end of Fern Street, then turned on McCully, calling Mele's name as she went. She turned left on Lime, walking down to Wiliwili and back. One big block. A whole lot of calling. She was turning onto McCully, toward home, when Mrs. Lin waved to her.

"Nanea!" Mrs. Lin called, waggling her cane. "You are just the person I was hoping to see."

"Hello, Mrs. Lin." Nanea usually enjoyed chatting with her elderly neighbor, but there was nothing usual about today.

"I was wondering what you'd heard about Fudge." Mrs. Lin rapped her cane on the ground. "Do you know they arrested my doctor? And Reverend Osumi?"

"I didn't know." It hadn't occurred to Nanea that Uncle Fudge wasn't the only one the FBI had taken.

"And last night Mr. Lopez made me turn out the lamp in my kitchen." She shook her head. "Just because he's the air-raid warden doesn't mean he can be so bossy!"

"Mom said the wardens are supposed to make sure everything is dark," Nanea explained.

"One little lamp." Mrs. Lin sighed.

"I should probably go." Nanea was running out of time to look for Mele.

But Mrs. Lin kept talking. "Someone said there were Japanese workers cutting arrows through the sugarcane fields to guide the attacking planes." She tapped her cane on the ground again.

Nanea didn't know what to say. She couldn't believe anyone on the island would help the enemy. Who would lend a hand to destroy their home?

Before Nanea could reply, Mom called to her from the front porch. "It's time to leave."

"Go, go," Mrs. Lin waved her off.

Nanea ran toward the Sudas' car. She slid into the backseat with Lily.

"Were you out looking for Mele?" Lily asked.

Nanea fiddled with the window crank. "Yes, but there's no sign of her." She hid her tears by looking out the window. Nanea was stunned at how her town had changed in only a day. Neighborhoods were dotted with burned buildings. A car rested upside down on the street. Reading about the damage in the newspaper was one thing. Seeing it with her own eyes made Nanea feel like she'd fallen off the playground swings and gotten the wind knocked out of her.

Gene drove a careful path through the pick-up-sticks mess of traffic and debris. A man crossed in front of them, pushing a wheelbarrow full of clumps of metal. He stopped every now and then to pick something up.

After a few more turns, Nanea caught sight of the Aloha Tower. The last time she'd seen the tower was on Boat Day, when the Kittens had given their leis to that family. On that day, it had seemed impossible for anything bad to happen to their island.

Gene pulled up to the immigration station and turned off the engine. No one moved for a moment. Then Aunt Betty opened the passenger door, and everyone got out.

"What's this?" a guard asked when he saw the picnic hamper Mom was carrying.

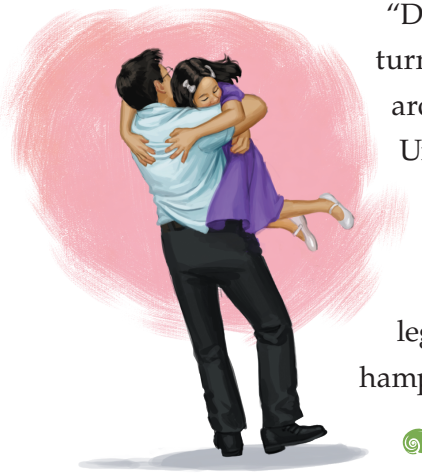
Nanea shrank back, but Mom answered calmly. "Food for my brother, Fumio Suda." She and Nanea had to pretend they were related to Uncle Fudge in order to see him.

"No outside food allowed." The guard tapped the gun on his belt.

Mom's voice was steady. "I think my brother would be happy to share our mother's homemade pineapple cake." She reached into the basket and offered the guard a piece.

He glanced at it and then glanced behind him. "All right." He took the cake. "But I have to check this out." He poked through the hamper and then he waved them on.

Another guard led them down a hall and opened a heavy door to a small room. A disheveled man sat hunched over on the floor, his back to them.



"Daddy!" Lily called. The man turned, leaped up, and swung her around. Nanea had never seen Uncle Fudge with whiskers. He always shaved no matter how early he got up to go fishing.

Tommy clung to his father's leg as Mom gave Uncle Fudge the hamper of food. "Thank you," Uncle

Fudge said. "I'll share this with the others."

He told them that the lawyer Mom called had already come and gone. "Thank you for sending him, May. I'm hopeful he can help. He says it's a mistake I'm here."

"It's because we're Japanese," Gene said.

"The mistake is that my name is similar to another's on the FBI watch list," Uncle Fudge said. He shook his head sadly. "If I get out, does that mean that other man must take my place?"

"We'll worry about that when the time comes," said Aunt Betty. She handed Uncle Fudge a shaving kit and a sweater. "I brought these."

Uncle Fudge bowed. "Thank you."

"Come along." Mom tugged Nanea's sleeve. "We'll let them have some family time."

Mom and Nanea waited in a little room down the hall, but not for very long. Lily was crying as she walked toward them. Nanea ran to her and gave her friend a hug.

"I hardly got any time to talk to Daddy," Lily said.

"Let's be grateful for the time we did have," Aunt Betty said, holding firmly to Tommy's hand.

Gene made a noise of disgust, but didn't say anything.

The pineapple cake guard nodded to them as they left. "Take care." He sounded as if he meant it.

Nanea tried not to look out the window on the drive

home. She didn't need anything else to make her sad. But when Gene turned off Kapiolani Boulevard, there was Lunalilo. "Our school!" she cried.

Gene slowed down, and everyone stared at the burned school with the gaping hole in the roof.

Nanea's eyes filled with tears. "The library must be ruined!"

"It looks like everything's all wet," Lily added.

"From the fire hoses," Mom explained.

Nanea remembered the time she'd accidentally dropped a library book in the bathtub and ruined it. She'd had to save up for several weeks to replace that book. How would the school replace an entire library?

It looked like it wasn't just the library. Their classroom, which was tucked right behind it, must be damaged, too. Miss Smith's magical classroom. Images of their teacher's sweet smile and desks in neat rows and gold stars on papers flooded Nanea's memory. How could it be gone?

Lily sniffled. "I want to go home."

Gene pressed on the gas, and they drove away.

Nanea wanted to go home, too. But home—her beautiful island—wasn't the same. The puzzle pieces were in such a jumble. Would they ever be able to put them back together again?

Lost and Found

CHAPTER 8

Nanea was glad her grandparents were staying with them, but she wasn't too happy about sharing the sofa with her sister. Mary Lou was always kicking Nanea. In the middle of the third night, Nanea crawled off the sofa and went to David's room. He hadn't come home yet, so she decided he wouldn't mind if she slept in his bed.

Nanea was drifting off to sleep when she heard quiet footsteps move down the hall.

The door creaked open. She sat up. "David?"

A familiar voice whispered back. "Nanea? What are you doing in here?"

It *was* David! "You're home!" She made her way to the door in the dark and threw herself at him.

"Yes, Monkey." He ruffled her hair.

Nanea didn't want to let go. She inhaled David's Old Spice smell deep into her lungs. Then she coughed. He hadn't showered in a few days.

"Where were you? What were you doing?" she asked. "What did you see?"

"Slow down there, Monkey." David sat down on the

bed. "One question at a time."

"Why were you gone so long?" Nanea asked impatiently.

She heard one shoe drop and then another.

"I couldn't leave," he said. "Not with so many injured men counting on me."

"What do you mean?"

"I've been delivering bottles of blood from the Red Cross and running them to the operating rooms." He paused. "And I thought it was hard doing sprints in PE." He was quiet for a moment before speaking again. "This one guy named Harold had a broken arm, but he still managed to pull his buddy Stan out from under a plane at Hickam Field. Stan was in pretty bad shape. The doctor said if I hadn't shown up with the blood when I did, he might not have made it."

"Were you scared?" Nanea asked.

"Sometimes," David admitted. "Listening to Harold describe what he saw at the airfield was scary. But I was glad I was able to help. I even got to meet Stan." David cleared his throat. "He's from Ohio. A real nice guy. Has a pesky little sister, like I do."

Nanea shivered. She hadn't been thinking about the people who had been hurt in the attacks. People like Harold and Stan. They had brothers and sisters and moms

and dads who were far away and worried about them.

She leaned against David's shoulder. He could call her pesky all he wanted. She was that thankful he was home. "You did a lot, Kekoa," she said. He was named well. He really was a warrior.

"I wish I could have done more." David yawned deep and loud. "I'm fading, little Monkey. See you in the morning."

There was a thump, and Nanea realized David had fallen into bed. She felt around for the sheet to cover him up. He'd been taking care of others, and she was glad she could take care of him.

"Good night," she whispered. She felt light enough to fly. David was home! Safe and sound.

Mom had been humming all morning. That's how happy she was.

"Will you help us look for Mele?" Nanea asked her brother. He had slept a long time and was eating breakfast while she and Mary Lou ate lunch. "It's been four days, and we haven't found any sign of her."

"I wish I could, Monkey," David said, "but I have to report back to the hospital."

"I thought you would stay home for a while," she said.

He ruffled her hair. "There are still a lot of supplies to be

delivered," he said. "And I want to see how Stan is doing."

Nanea frowned. She wanted David home. Weren't there other people who could work at the hospital? "Will you help me tomorrow?"

"I don't like to make promises I can't keep." He grinned his movie-star grin as he finished his meal. "Besides, you're going to find that goofy poi dog any minute. I just know it." He kissed Mom and was gone.

"I know it's hard for you to say good-bye to David when he just got home," Mom said. "But they need all the help they can get at the hospital."

"I know," Nanea sighed.

Mom smoothed her hands over her apron. "I'm just grateful that David's too young to be a soldier," she added.

"Iris's brother Al enlisted," Mary Lou said sadly.

"You mean joined the Army?" Nanea asked. She was confused. "But isn't he still in high school?"

Mary Lou nodded. "He's eighteen. That's all that matters."

"I'm sure Iris's parents are proud of Al," Mom said. "But I know they don't want him to get hurt."

Nanea felt the same way about David.

Nanea was glad to be outside. Since the attack, Mom had hardly let her leave the house, and now she could only

look for Mele if someone went with her. So Nanea walked over to Lily's house, and together they went to get Donna.

The girls hunted high and low without seeing one sign of Mele. Nanea felt utterly discouraged. And not just about Mele. Her neighborhood had always been so friendly and cheerful. Now the houses looked glum, with their windows framed by dark fabric or paper, ready to be pulled across for the nighttime blackout. A few windows had even been painted black! It was as if the attack had taken all the bright colors out of their island.

After she walked her friends home, Nanea wandered into her own backyard. Tutu and Mrs. Lin were leaning over the back fence, talking in hushed tones.

"I heard the Japanese are planning another attack next week," Mrs. Lin was saying.

Nanea stopped dead in her tracks. *Would they really do that?* she wondered.

"That's a rumor," Tutu said firmly, swatting at a mosquito. "It's best not to listen to them—or repeat them."

When Mrs. Lin saw Nanea, she changed the subject. Nanea went inside, reminding herself that Tutu was very wise. If she said not to listen to rumors, Nanea was going to follow that advice. She just had to figure out how to tell the difference between a rumor and the truth.

In the living room, Nanea rummaged through the

stack of newspapers on the coffee table. As she started reading, Tutu came inside and joined her.

"Oh my." Tutu pointed to a series of photos that showed the destruction in the harbor. Greasy snakes of smoke curled up from the USS *Arizona*, the *Oklahoma*, and the *Utah*, huge battleships that were now gone. "It says here that more than two thousand soldiers and sailors have been killed."

Nanea drew in her breath. "Why did they have to attack us?"

"The Japanese weren't attacking *us*, exactly," Tutu explained. "They were trying to destroy the battleships in the harbor and the fighter planes at the airfields."

Nanea was confused. "But why?"

"They don't want America to be able to fight back," said Tutu. She put her arm around Nanea. "War is a terrible thing. For both sides."

They sat quietly for several minutes. "I hope Papa comes home soon," Nanea said.

"Your papa is doing important work," Tutu said. "He's repairing the damaged ships—getting the fleet ready to sail again."

Nanea was proud of Papa for helping, but he had important work to do at home, too. She needed to hear a Papa joke, to kiss a scratchy Papa cheek.

"So it's true." Tutu pulled the newspaper closer. "Governor Poindexter stepped down on December seventh. We're under martial law." She clucked her tongue. "That is one very big change."

"What's martial law?" Nanea asked.

"It means the military is in charge of everything. The fire department. The police. Even the governor's job will be given over to the military."

"Is that bad?" Nanea asked, tracing the flowers on Tutu's mu'umu'u.

Tutu didn't say anything for a moment. "Well, what has happened is very serious. I think President Roosevelt is trying to keep us safe. Perhaps that will be easier to do with the Army in charge." She crinkled the newspaper. "But it means a lot of new rules. They've closed the movie theaters. Many of the parks, too."

"All the fun things," Nanea muttered. She didn't think she liked this martial law. Besides, if the new people in charge felt like they had to make a bunch of rules, they didn't know much about Hawaii. People helped each other without being told. Even little kids could get along fine following the spirit of aloha.

Tutu was still reading the paper. "There's a curfew now, too," she said.

"What's a curfew?"

"The time you must be home. No going out after nine o'clock at night . . . or eight o'clock if you're Japanese." Tutu batted at the paper. "That is not right. The curfew should be the same for everyone."

It seemed that people's outsides were suddenly more important than their insides. Uncle Fudge had been arrested because he looked like the enemy. But he was not the enemy. If the FBI had really known him, that would never have happened. Why should the Japanese people on the island be treated differently?

Nanea saw something about schools near the bottom of the page. "Closed for at least one more month," she read aloud. All that time away from school was one more change that Nanea hadn't asked for. "What will I do until then?" she asked.

"How about the contest?" Tutu pointed to a small headline: Honolulu Helping Hands Contest extended to January fifteenth. "Now is certainly the time to lend a hand."

Nanea had forgotten all about the contest. "I guess so," she said. The change of deadline should have felt like good news. But Nanea's heart and head were filled with worries about the people she loved, her burned-up school, and her beautiful island. Those things mattered more than winning a bicycle.

Kitten Trouble

CHAPTER 9

The house was quiet after breakfast the next morning. Tutu and Tutu Kane went to check on Pono's Market. David went back to the hospital. Mary Lou went to the high school, which had been turned into an evacuation center for people whose homes had been damaged by the bombing. She and her friends were helping serve meals there. Nanea was finishing the dishes and was just about to go out and look for Mele when Mom bustled into the kitchen, pulling on a hat.

Nanea dried her hands on a towel. "Where are you going?" She wanted the family that was home to *stay* at home.

"Grandpop and Grandmom have to be worried sick," Mom explained. "We need to send a telegram to let them know we're all right." She slipped her pocketbook strap over her arm. "Come on, honey."

But we're not all right, Nanea thought. Instead, she said, "What about looking for Mele?"

"We can go after we send the telegram. I promise." Mom rested her palm against Nanea's cheek. "You can't

look for Mele by yourself, and you can't stay home alone."

"But Mele—" Nanea started.

Mom didn't let her finish. "Are you going to wear shoes or go barefoot?" she asked.

"Shoes," Nanea said with a sigh. And she went to the front porch to get them.

"We've been in this line forever," Nanea grumbled at the Western Union office.

"There are a lot of people who need to send messages to their families," Mom said, adjusting her hat. "We just have to wait."

Nanea couldn't help fidgeting. "I'm hot."

Mom sighed. "There's a patch of shade under that palm tree over there. Why don't you go sit for a bit?"

It was cooler in the shade. And also more interesting. Several posters were tacked to the tree. She had to stand on tiptoe to read them. "Need a car. Cheap. Call this number." "Apartment for rent." A small one read, "Lost cat. White with black stripes."

The last sign made her think of Mele. Maybe she should make some lost dog signs. Nanea was sure Lily and Donna would pitch in! And they could post them at the Portuguese bakery and at Mrs. Lin's shop and other places around the neighborhood. Nanea couldn't wait to get

started. She ran into the telegraph office to tell Mom about her idea.

Mom had finally made it up to the front desk. "I'm almost done," she said to Nanea as she handed the telegraph form over to the man behind the desk.

"Mitchell Family, Beaverton, Oregon," he read aloud. "Got it."

Mom fished a dollar bill and some coins out of her purse to pay. "Mahalo."

"We're awful busy," the man said, glancing at the calendar. "This won't likely arrive until tomorrow. December twelfth."

"We appreciate how hard you are working," Mom told the man. Nanea noticed that he had dark circles under his eyes.

"Around the clock the past few days," he said with a weary smile. "Aloha."

Nanea hurried Mom past the long line that stretched out of the Western Union office. From there to the bus stop, and then from the bus stop to home, Nanea eagerly explained her poster project.

"I think you've come up with a great idea, honey," Mom said. "Good thinking."

At home, Nanea raced through the front door and telephoned Donna. "Meet me at Lily's house. Important

Kitten business!" Then she put some paper and crayons in her book bag and ran up the street.

On Lily's porch, Nanea removed her shoes and added them to the pile at the Sudas' front door. It was a Japanese custom that eventually became an island custom. No one wore shoes inside. When Donna arrived, she took off her shoes while Aunt Betty answered Nanea's knock. "Come in, girls," she said.

"I have a great idea for finding Mele," Nanea said. But then she hesitated. Lily was curled up on the sofa, and her eyes were puffy and red-rimmed. "Maybe now isn't a good time?" she asked.

Lily wiped her eyes. "No, I want to hear," she said.

Nanea pulled paper and crayons out of her bag while she explained her idea for the dog posters.

"Keen idea!" Donna plopped down on the floor, chomping on her bubble gum as she began to draw.

Lily sat up and reached for the crayons. "I'll help, too."

Nanea smiled. "You two are true blue friends."

Each drawing of Mele looked a bit different. The ears on Donna's picture were a little too pointy, and Lily forgot to include the bit of white on Mele's shoulder, but anyone could tell the drawings were of Nanea's dog.

"Hey, where's your radio?" Donna asked Lily as she started on another drawing. "It's always by the sofa."

Lily paused as she reached for the gray crayon. "We had to turn it in to the police."

"What for?" Donna asked.

"Is that another new rule?" Nanea sighed. She wondered if her family would have to give up their radio, too.

"Only for us." Lily set down the crayon.

"I don't understand," Donna said, sitting back on her heels. "Us?"

In a tiny voice, Lily answered, "Because we're Japanese."

"But you're loyal Americans!" Nanea said. "Your family's lived here forever!"

"I guess that doesn't count." Lily pushed her poster aside. "We also had to turn in our camera."

"That is nutty." Donna blew another bubble and popped it loudly.

A tear plopped on Lily's poster. "Last night, Gene came out of work and someone had written in soap on his windshield. It said, 'Go home, Jap.'"

Nanea gasped. "That's terrible."

"I'd like to find the person who wrote that and sock him in the nose." Donna made a fist with her hand. "Pow."

Lily laughed a little, even if it was a sad laugh. "You might have to sock a lot of people. It's not easy to be Japanese right now," she said. "I wish Daddy was here."

"I know what you mean," Nanea said. "I don't know when Papa's coming home."

"Me either," Donna said. "My dad's been at the shipyard for four days."

Lily pushed her paper away. "It's not the same. Your dads weren't taken away." She ran to her room and slammed the door.

Donna and Nanea stared at each other.

Aunt Betty hurried in from the kitchen. "I'm sorry, girls," she said as she headed down the hall to Lily's room. "We're all so upset about Lily's father; it's difficult to know who to be angry at."

This war is wrecking everything, Nanea thought.

When Nanea got home from Lily's house, the kitchen countertops were covered with bread, lunch meat, and condiments. Mom was making sandwiches, and then passing them to Auntie Rose, who wrapped them in wax paper and added them to a tall stack.

"That's a lot of lunch," Nanea said.

"These are for the aid workers," Mom explained. "Firefighters, police officers, air-raid wardens. Since so many restaurants and grocery stores are still closed,

it's difficult for them to buy anything to eat. So we'll feed them. It's one way we can help."

"Come dip your paddle in," Auntie Rose said, using an old saying.

"Yes," Mom agreed. "Pitch in."

Nanea was glad to help, but she wanted to tell Mom about what had happened at Lily's house. She needed some advice about making her friend feel better. But before she could say anything, Auntie Rose handed her the roll of wax paper.

"Take over for me, please, keiki. I'm going to call our neighborhood precinct."

Nanea was confused. "You're calling the police?"

Auntie Rose laughed. "Yes, but just to let them know there's food here. They'll make an announcement on their channel."

After Auntie Rose made the call, Mom turned up the volume on the radio. Ever since the commercial stations had gone off the air on Sunday, the Mitchells had kept their radio tuned to the police band for information. After a few minutes, Nanea heard their address announced.

It wasn't long before tired, hungry men in dirty clothes were knocking at their front door. Mom served them coffee as they helped themselves to sandwiches.

"I haven't eaten in two days," one fireman said, taking

a big bite. "You don't know how good this is!"

Nanea gave him two more sandwiches. "Have you seen my father, Richard Mitchell?" she asked. "He works at Pearl Harbor shipyard."

The firefighter shook his head. "My post is downtown. But don't you worry about your pop. I bet someone's taking care of him over there, too."

That was the way of the islands: *ho'okipa*, hospitality. Thinking about it made Nanea feel better. *And maybe,* Nanea hoped, *someone is giving Mele a scrap of food and a bowl of clean water right now.*

Mary Lou came home from serving meals at the high school, and she and Nanea walked around the neighborhood, hanging up the lost dog posters. When they got home, Mom announced that it was time to get ready for the blackout. She and Mary Lou pulled the blankets down over the windows, and Nanea went around the house, turning out the few lights that were on. With each button she pushed, the house grew gloomier. And so did her spirits.

Making posters and handing out sandwiches all afternoon had kept her busy and had kept her mind off her sad feelings. But now her worries wriggled back in like geckos, over, under, and around. This would be the fifth pitch-black night. The fifth night of staying inside the stuffy dark

house instead of roller skating or playing tag or kick the can with the Kittens and other neighbor kids.

It was also the fifth night without Papa. It seemed like years since Nanea had sat on the porch with him, listening to the trilling crickets and the funny little quacks of the geckos. As their neighbors washed supper dishes, she and Papa would talk about their dreams, plan fishing trips, and tell jokes. The "before" night sky had been soft, twinkling with stars. This "after" nighttime was sharp and lonely.

In the living room, Tutu Kane started playing his ukulele. Nanea stood in the doorway, listening to her grandfather sing the beautiful words to "Mai Poina ʻOe Iaʻu: Forget Me Not" in Hawaiian and then in English.

There's no other one I hold so dear
Oh beloved of this heart of mine.

"A love song can be about a place, too, can't it?" Nanea asked when her grandfather finished.

"Yes, you can love a place," Tutu Kane answered in the dark.

Nanea sighed. "I miss how everything was before Sunday." A sad silence hung in the air.

"Shall we have some more music?" Tutu asked.

Nanea felt her way over to the sofa by Mom, only

bumping into the coffee table once. Tears trickled down her face. She didn't bother to brush them away in the dark.

"Troubles seem bigger when you keep them to yourself," Mom whispered as Nanea sat down. "Do you want to talk?"

Nanea found Mom's hand and turned the wedding band around and around on Mom's finger. "It seems like the things I thought mattered—like winning the Helping Hands contest—don't anymore," Nanea said. "Not after everything that's happened. Everything's changed." She snuggled into Mom. "I want Papa to come home."

"I do, too," Mom said, putting her arm around Nanea. "But we all have to make sacrifices to help win the war, and that means sharing Papa."

"Should I keep going with the contest?"

"That's for you to decide."

"There's something else." Nanea lowered her voice. "Lily got mad at me and Donna today. We said we knew what it was like not to have a dad around because our dads are off working. Lily said it wasn't the same thing at all."

"Poor Lily." Mom gave Nanea a squeeze. "And poor Nanea and Donna."

"So many bad things have happened to her family," Nanea said. "Uncle Fudge is in jail, and the Army took away their radio and camera." Nanea told Mom what someone had written on Gene's car.

"That's terrible!" Mom exclaimed. "The Sudas are not the enemy. Hawaii is their home, and they would never do anything disloyal to America."

Nanea said, "I want to do something to help Lily."

"Keep being her friend. You'll find a way to help her." Mom patted Nanea's leg.

Nanea thought and thought. But, for once, she didn't have any good ideas.

Hellos and Good-byes

CHAPTER 10

Nanea sat at the kitchen table writing a letter while Mom and Tutu made dinner.

December 14, 1941

Dear Grandmom and Grandpop,

It's been seven days since you-know-what, and seven days since Papa's been home. Everyone is busy helping with the war effort. Mary Lou's working at the evacuation center. Mom's joined the Red Cross and is organizing first-aid classes. David is volunteering so much that he's hardly ever home. I helped hand out sandwiches.

Nanea stopped writing. Handing out sandwiches sounded unimportant compared to what everyone else was doing. She felt like the baby of the family all over again. She sighed and kept writing.

I go out looking for Mele every day. I never thought that dog would stay away one whole week. Tutu and Tutu Kane are still with us. We didn't have hula lessons yesterday, but Tutu says she

wants to have class again next week, even if it's only me and Mary Lou. We need to rehearse for the Christmas program at the USO, though the show may be canceled. The Matson ship that brings the evergreen trees from Washington was turned back, and there are no lights downtown because of the blackouts.

As she worked on the letter, Nanea heard a car in their driveway. It wasn't David. He was home for once, and he and Tutu Kane were in the backyard, digging a hole for a bomb shelter. That was another new rule. Every home had to have a place to take cover during air-raid drills.

Before Nanea could get up from the table to see who had pulled in, the front door opened. Suddenly, someone was standing in the kitchen.

"Papa!" Nanea cried. "You're home!" She flung herself into his arms.

"Sunshine!" Papa caught her. "I'm so glad to see you."

Papa put Nanea down and gave Mom a long hug. Tutu wiped her eyes with her apron. Mary Lou rushed in from the bedroom, and David and Tutu Kane hurried in from outside. Everyone was hugging everyone and talking all at once. It was wonderful.

Nanea had a million questions, but Papa kissed her cheek and said, "Let me get cleaned up. Then we can all talk."

Twenty minutes later, Nanea's whole family sat down for supper.

"We missed you," Nanea said, passing Papa a plate of grilled tuna.

"And I missed you. But there is a lot of work to do—debris to clean up, repairs to manage. We had to cut open a capsized ship to rescue some trapped sailors." Papa hesitated. "But the Navy doesn't want me talking much about all that."

Nanea heard a sadness in Papa's voice that had never been there before. There was a long pause as everyone began to eat.

"At least our whole family is together again," Mary Lou said.

Nanea frowned. "Except for Mele."

Papa put down his fork. "What happened?"

Nanea told him everything. "Do you think she'll come back, Papa?"

"You know about my old mutt, Rusty, right?" Papa asked.

"Of course," Nanea answered.

"He once went missing for three whole months. The goofy dog never would say where he'd got off to," Papa chuckled. "But he showed up one day, right at suppertime, as if he'd only been gone a few minutes." Papa picked up

his fork. "Dogs don't have the same sense of time we do. Mele will be back."

Nanea couldn't bear the thought of waiting three months to see her sweet little dog again.

After dinner, no one wanted to leave the table. Everyone kept talking, and Papa had seconds on dessert, but soon his eyes began to droop.

"Your father needs to sleep," Mom said. "And we all have chores to do before the blackout. Mary Lou, you're in charge of dishes. David, get the windows covered. Nanea, finish your letter to your grandparents."

Nanea smiled as Mom ordered everyone about. Nanea kept smiling as she finished her letter. "*Here is the best news ever,*" Nanea wrote. "*Papa's home. Safe and sound.*"

That night, as Nanea curled up on the couch, she felt like she was able to truly relax again. Papa was home!

Nanea's eyes popped open. What about Lily? *Her* father wasn't home yet. Was there anything Nanea could do to make her friend feel better?

When she awoke, Nanea jumped off the couch and raced into the kitchen. "Good morning!" she called out.

"Shh," Mom put a finger to her lips. "Your father's still sleeping."

Nanea poured herself a glass of pineapple juice and sat

down at the table next to Tutu, who was talking quietly to Mom about the store.

"The government wants to know what supplies are available on the island," Tutu explained. "All the grocery stores had to take inventory last week. Now your father and I need to do the same at the market. It will take a few days."

"I'm sorry I can't help," Mom said. "I'll be at the Red Cross every day this week. Mary Lou's volunteering at the evacuation center, and David is at the hospital."

"I could help," Nanea offered.

Mom hesitated. "I don't know."

"I think it's a great idea," said Tutu. "Nanea can reach the cans and boxes that are down too low for me and Tutu Kane."

Nanea smiled. "I'm good at numbers, too," she said, hoping to convince her mom.

"Well . . ." Mom paused. "All right," she finally agreed.

Nanea nearly spilled her juice. A few weeks ago she'd asked to help in the market, and Mom had thought she was too young.

"Good." Tutu nodded, picking up her coffee cup. "We'll start tomorrow."

A few hours later, when Papa finally got up, Nanea sat right next to him while Mom made him breakfast. It was

so good to have him home again that Nanea didn't want to miss a moment of it.

As Mom refilled Papa's coffee cup for the third time, she asked, "How many sandwiches do you want in your lunch?"

"Lunch?" Nanea asked.

"I've got to get back, honey," Papa said.

"But you just came home!" Nanea looked from Papa to Mom. "It's not fair!"

"Everyone is being asked to do their part to help," Mom said gently.

Papa looked at Nanea. "I think it'd be more unfair if I expected other people to do my work, don't you?"

Nanea kicked her chair leg, but she nodded. Then she went over to Papa and put her arms around his neck. She squeezed two times. Buddies forever. "When will you be back?" she whispered in his ear.

"In a couple more days." He kissed her cheek. "You'll be too busy to even notice I'm gone."

That would never, ever be true.

Puka

CHAPTER 11

Twenty boxes of Corn Flakes," Nanea reported. "And two dozen bags of rice." Inventory was a big job! They had to make a list of everything in the shop and count it all. It would have been more fun to work in the market when there were customers, but Nanea was glad she could help her grandparents.

"Mahalo," Tutu Kane said, adding the date, December 17, 1941, to the last page of the inventory. "Once we turn in these counts, we can reopen. It'll be good to be busy again."

"I wonder if there will be food shortages," Tutu said. "All the things that come from the mainland could be hard to get. There may even be rationing."

"I know what that is," Nanea said. "It's when people can only get a certain amount of something. Like one pound of butter a month."

Tutu Kane untied his white work apron. "Pono's Market" was stitched on the front of it in red thread. "If food is rationed, we'll handle it with aloha."

"We'll take care of one another," Tutu said. "Like we've always done."

When Nanea got home, the living room was full of Mary Lou's friends, all winding balls of yarn or clicking away with knitting needles. Mom had on her church hat and was pulling on a pair of gloves. "Are you going somewhere, too?" Nanea asked Mom.

"Back to the Red Cross, remember?" She kissed Nanea's cheek. "Hello and good-bye!"

"Can I go with you?" Nanea asked.

"We're talking about starting a junior guild. But today it's adults only." Mom picked up a stack of papers. "See you in a few hours."

Nanea went to her room and plopped down on her bed. On the nightstand was a framed photograph of Nanea and Lily on Uncle Fudge's sampan. But instead of making her happy, the photo made her sad. Uncle Fudge was still at the immigration station, and her friendship with Lily was still prickly. Nanea had called Lily every day since they'd made the lost dog posters, but Lily hadn't wanted to talk.

Nanea picked up the photo. It had been taken before Donna moved to the island. Nanea and Lily had spent the day with Uncle Fudge, and he had packed tasty bento boxes for lunch, tucking in Nanea's favorite, rice balls with pickled apricot. Afterward, he brought out a coffee can full

of oatmeal cookies. "A sweet treat for sweet crew members," he'd said.

Nanea smiled. That memory was as sweet as those cookies.

Wait, Nanea thought. *Cookies!*

Maybe she couldn't get Uncle Fudge out of jail or change how some people were treating the Sudas. But she could make oatmeal cookies for Lily and Uncle Fudge. Then Lily would know how much Nanea cared about both of them.

Mary Lou helped Nanea transfer the last batch of cookies from the cookie sheet to the cooling rack. Then Nanea dialed a familiar number. Aunt Betty answered.

"Oh, do come over," she said. "Lily is excited to see you."

That news made Nanea's stomach jump around like a happy tree frog. Lily wanted to see her!

Nanea cleaned up the kitchen while the cookies cooled, and then she packed them into a shoe box lined with wax paper. She had only taken a few steps toward Lily's before a noise stopped her. It was a dog. Barking loudly. The commotion came from the Bradleys' house across the road, on the opposite end of the street from the Sudas.

Nanea ran to the edge of the yard. "Is anyone home?"

None of the Bradleys answered, but the dog kept barking. Nanea raced around back. A pile of tools and shovels and buckets were stacked neatly next to the house, and there was a fresh hole in the corner of the yard. It looked like the one David and Tutu Kane had started digging in their own backyard for an air-raid shelter.

But Nanea's attention was on *this* hole. The scrabbling noises were too loud for a gecko—even for an army of geckos! Nanea peered over the edge, her heart pounding with hope.

Two brown eyes peered back.

"Mele!" Nanea dropped the box of cookies and knelt down, so happy that she began to cry. "Come, girl. Here!"

The hole was too deep for Mele to jump out, so she tried to clamber up to Nanea, pawing wildly at the dirt. The sides of the wall were too slick for her to get any traction.

"You need help," Nanea said. She ran to the Bradleys' house and searched the pile of tools. There was a ladder! Nanea picked it up. *Oof.* It was heavy, but she dragged it across the yard. She set it on the ground and slid it into the hole. Mele was jumping and scrabbling frantically at the dirt walls, desperate to get out, so Nanea had to be careful not to knock her over with the ladder as she lowered it into the ground.

When the ladder hit the muddy bottom, Nanea tugged

it into position to lean against the side of the hole. She turned around and started climbing down. The ladder wobbled as Nanea put her weight on it. She moved her feet carefully, lowering herself step by step. "Easy, Mele," she said as Mele pawed at the ladder.

Two rungs from the bottom, Mele pounced on Nanea, licking her legs and making Nanea laugh.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you, too!" Nanea said as she stepped off the ladder. She threw her arms around Mele's neck and hugged her tight. "Pee-yew! You smell like you've rolled in a whole school of dead fish."

At her favorite word, Mele barked.

"Okay," Nanea said. "Let's get out of here." Holding tight to Mele, Nanea put one hand on the ladder and climbed slowly, rung by rung, to the top. She set Mele on the ground, climbed the rest of the way out, and then pulled the ladder out behind her. She let it fall to the ground, and she plopped down next to it. Mele jumped into her lap. Nanea was hot and dirty and smelly and out of breath, but she had never been happier.

Mele ran to the shoe box, sniffing. "Are you hungry?" Nanea opened the box of cookies and gave one to Mele. "You need real food," she said, putting the lid on the box. She dragged the ladder back to where she'd found it, picked up Mele and the shoe box, and headed for home.

"Mary Lou!" Nanea called. "Look who I found!"

Mary Lou stepped out on the front porch. "Where have you been, you bad dog?"

"She's not bad!" Nanea said. "She fell into a hole in the Bradleys' backyard, and she couldn't get out."

Mary Lou's eyes were wide. "They just started digging that hole two days ago. I bet Mele was on her way home when she fell in." Mary Lou reached over to pet Mele, but then she stopped. "Woo-wee," she said, holding her nose. "Mele needs a bath before she can come inside." She looked

Nanea up and down. "You do, too."

"Food first," Nanea said.

Mary Lou gave Mele water and then fixed a bowl of leftover rice and sausage and noodles. While Mele ate, Nanea filled an old washtub in the backyard. After she was scrubbed clean and dry, Mele curled up on Nanea's pillow. "I can't wait to tell Donna and Lily the good news," Nanea told Mele as she changed her dirty clothes.

Donna was thrilled when Nanea phoned. "I'm coming over to see her! Right after I finish helping Mom roll bandages for the Red Cross."

Next Nanea dialed Lily. Aunt Betty answered, and it took Lily a long time to come to the phone. "Oh, it's you," Lily said flatly. "I thought you were bringing something for my dad."

"I was," Nanea started. "Cookies. But—"

"That was *two hours* ago," Lily interrupted. "I waited and waited. I thought you were my friend."

"I am!" Nanea tried to explain.

"I have to go." Lily hung up.

Nanea felt terrible as she hung up the phone. She hadn't meant to let Lily down, but Mele needed her, too. Nanea looked at Mele. "Do you want to go see Lily?"

Mele wagged her tail. Nanea got the cookies and, for the second time that day, started toward Lily's.

Lily was sweeping the porch when Nanea and Mele arrived. When she saw Mele, Lily broke into a smile. "You found her!"

Mele bounded up the stairs to give Lily a hello lick.

"That's why I wasn't here earlier," Nanea said, pausing on the bottom step. She told Lily what had happened, and then she held out the package. "Here are the cookies I made. Oatmeal." She hoped Lily remembered that special fishing trip.

"Daddy loves oatmeal cookies." Lily came down the steps to take the package.

There was an awkward silence, and Nanea rubbed her hands nervously on her shorts. "I'm sorry," she finally said. "For everything."

"I'm sorry, too, for getting so mad." Lily sat down on a step and started scratching Mele's left ear. Nanea sat down and started scratching Mele's right one. Mele thumped her tail happily.

"I'm glad you found Mele, really I am." Lily sighed. "But it makes it harder, too."

Nanea cocked her head. "I don't understand."

"You've got your whole family back together now. Mine still has a *puka* in it. A big hole." She turned her face away.

"I know you're worried about your dad," Nanea began. "And I know cookies won't make that worry go away." She

wasn't sure what to say next. "Tutu says that troubles are like a big pail of water. Too heavy to carry alone."

Lily pressed her face into Mele's fur. "Thanks for the cookies," she said. "And thanks for caring about me."

Donna came tearing up the street, calling Mele's name. Mele bounded off the steps to meet her, sniffing at the paper sack in Donna's hand. "Your favorite kind of crack seed, Lily!" Donna called joyfully, waving the bag of dried fruits. "Plums!"

She sat down and handed the sack to Nanea. The girls ate until they were sticky messes, and when the last of the crack seed was gone, Donna tore the paper sack into three pieces and they chewed on those to get the very last of the sweetness of the preserved plums.

"Tutu is right," Lily said. "My pail of water doesn't feel as heavy with you two here."

"What pail of water?" asked Donna, looking around.

Nanea and Lily laughed. "We'll tell you later," Nanea said. "For now, let's go get washed up."

Mele Kalikimaka

CHAPTER 12

The calendar said December 24, but no one would know it by looking at the city of Honolulu. There were no Christmas trees in any of the houses. The bright holiday lights that usually invited shoppers into downtown stores had gone dark. Curfews kept nighttime carolers from their door-to-door concerts. And without school, there was no Christmas program at Lunalilo Elementary. This year, Nanea's class was supposed to have sung "Santa's Hula," about Santa in his red canoe.

But even without decorations and school celebrations, Nanea was full of Christmas spirit. She'd found Mele, and Papa and David were both home. That made up for the fact that they didn't have a Christmas tree. Nanea had spent the last week making gifts, and today she taped the "Keep Out: Elves at Work" sign to her bedroom door one last time so that she could wrap the presents. She had stitched several small drawstring pouches and embroidered a special design on each one. Those were for Mom, Tutu, and Mary Lou. Nanea had also made books for Papa, Tutu Kane, and David. Now she tied yarn around the last

package and then stashed them all under her bed. "It's almost Christmas," Nanea said to Mele, who was curled up on her pillow.

That night, after the windows were covered, the whole family sang Christmas carols in the dark accompanied by Tutu Kane and David on their ukuleles. Even Mele joined in, howling along to "Santa's Hula."

"Wake up, sleepyhead!" Nanea called to Mary Lou. "It's Christmas!" For once, her big sister didn't grumble that it was too early.

Breakfast was a feast of coconut pancakes, fresh papaya, and Portuguese sausage. When everyone's bellies were full, they moved to the living room.

When she was younger, Nanea couldn't wait to open her presents. Now, she could hardly wait for the others to open the gifts she'd made.

Mom opened her pouch first. "Oh, it's so pretty!"

"The heart is because I love you so much," Nanea told her.

"And I got the music notes because of all my records," Mary Lou guessed. "This will be perfect to hold my lipstick."

"A bird of paradise!" Tutu exclaimed when she unwrapped her pouch. "Thank you, keiki." Tutu blew

her a kiss. "This is a treasure."

"Is it my turn?" Papa loved presents as much as Nanea did. "Well, look at this! A book about us going fishing!"

"See," Nanea moved closer. "There you are, catching the biggest fish."

Papa laughed. "That would be a change of pace."

"Maybe we can go fishing next week," she said.

"I would love to." Papa paged through the book Nanea had made. "But I don't know when I'll get another day off."

Nanea threw her arms around Papa's neck, squeezing two times. "We'll catch lots of fish, no matter when we go."

"That is a very grown-up attitude." Mom smiled.

Nanea had a small pile of gifts to open. The first one was a new school dress Mom had sewn. "I hope I get to wear this soon!" Nanea said. Her gift from Mary Lou was a metal barrette with Nanea's name engraved on it. Nanea grinned. Her sister was still trying to fix her hair!

Tutu Kane and Tutu gave her a girl-size white work apron. Nanea's eyes sparkled when she saw that Tutu had stitched "Pono's Market" on the front in red thread so it looked just like the aprons she and Tutu Kane wore in the shop.

"You were such a big help during inventory," Tutu said.

Tutu Kane nodded. "We hope you'll come back and work with us again."

Nanea slipped the apron on over her head. "Of course I will!" she replied happily.

At that moment the doorbell rang.

"Who on earth?" Mom muttered.

Papa opened the front door and gave a shout. "Fudge!"

The whole Suda family crowded inside.

"You're back!" Mom kept patting Uncle Fudge's arm as if she couldn't believe he was real.

Nanea ran to Lily. "Your daddy's home! I'm so happy for you!"

Tutu and Mom served coffee and coconut cake while Uncle Fudge talked story, with Tommy glued to his lap.

"Thank you for taking such good care of my family." He wrapped his arm around Aunt Betty.

"You're our family, too." Mom sniffled. Papa handed her his handkerchief.

"How did you get out?" David asked.

"Most of the men arrested were doctors, priests, and teachers. Not fishermen." Uncle Fudge shrugged. "I guess the government had a plan to arrest all the community leaders if we went to war with Japan—to make it harder for the rest of us to organize or something." Uncle Fudge held up his hands, a look of bewilderment on his face.

"There was a Fumihiro Suda on the list," Gene said. "They thought that was Dad."

"As if any of the Japanese community leaders would be spies," Papa said.

"Fear makes people think and do foolish things," Tutu Kane said.

Uncle Fudge nodded his agreement. "My lawyer—the one you called for me, May—" he pointed to Mom. "He convinced the FBI they had the wrong Suda. And luckily, they're not going to arrest the other Suda."

"Which we're very thankful for." Aunt Betty patted Uncle Fudge's arm.

Mom sighed. "Well, we are thankful *you're* home."

A cloud passed over Uncle Fudge's face. "I never left the immigration station, but many others were sent to the internment camp on Sand Island." He shook his head. "I heard it's really bad there."

The room grew so quiet that Nanea could hear the kitchen wall clock ticking from the other room.

"One at a time," Tutu Kane said softly.

"What?" Nanea asked.

"We will work to reclaim our neighbors one at a time."

Uncle Fudge lifted his glasses to wipe his eyes. Nanea glanced around. All the adults were wiping their eyes.

"How about more cake?" Mom asked.

"No, thank you," said Aunt Betty. "We should get home."

Tommy rode piggyback, while Lily held tight to her

father's hand. Aunt Betty tucked her arm through Gene's.

"Mele Kalikimaka!" Nanea called as the family headed up the street. "Merry Christmas!"

It truly was the best Christmas ever. Because, finally, there were no more pukas in their family.

Doggone It

CHAPTER 13

Mele whined and paced as Nanea got ready. "I'm sorry, Mele," Nanea explained. "But this isn't hula class. It's a USO performance. No dogs allowed."

"I'm a little nervous," Mary Lou confessed as she stood in front of the mirror fixing her hair. "This is our first show in over a month."

Nanea nodded. "It's going to be odd to do a New Year's Eve performance at two o'clock in the afternoon."

"That's the only way to make sure everyone's home in time for curfew," Mary Lou explained. She placed one last bobby pin in her hair. "There. Are you about ready?"

"Almost!" Nanea said. She removed her *holoku* from a hanger and began to fold it. This was the first time she was going to dance in the floor-length gown with its ruffled train. Even though it was a hand-me-down from Mary Lou, wearing it would still make Nanea feel grown-up. She tucked the long train in on itself as Mom had taught her and then carefully placed it on top of the implements in her 'eke hula. As soon as she turned away, Mele tried to climb in the basket!

"No, Mele!" Nanea moved her basket. "I don't want you to wrinkle my costume!"

Mary Lou shook her head. "What is wrong with that dog?"

"I don't know." Nanea threw up her hands. "Maybe it's all the firecrackers for New Year's." Some of their neighbors had started lighting them earlier in the day. "She's become skittish about loud noises." Nanea reached under her bed and brought out one of Mele's favorite balls. "Play with this. That should calm you down."

But Mele didn't play. She flopped onto the floor, panting, looking up at Nanea with sad brown eyes.

Mary Lou said. "I think Mele knows you're leaving, and she wants to go, too."

Nanea nodded. Ever since she had rescued Mele from the hole, the dog had stuck to her like a burr. "Maybe Auntie Rose would watch her."

Their neighbor was happy to keep an eye on Mele. "She can keep me company." Auntie Rose smiled. "You weren't the only one who missed her when she was gone."

At the USO hall, Nanea and Mary Lou help set up the refreshments they would serve after the performance. Then Nanea changed quickly and went backstage to talk with her grandmother.

"Tutu," Nanea said. "I'm having a hard time with the rising moon movement," she confessed. "Can you help me?"

Tutu pointed to her heart. "Hula is as much here as it is in the hands and feet." She smiled. "You've seen a moonrise, haven't you?"

Nanea nodded. Her favorite moonrise memory was from the year before. Papa had taken the Three Kittens camping and the girls had stayed up late.

"Place that moment in your heart," Tutu encouraged.

Nanea closed her eyes and remembered watching the milky moon take its place in the sky.

"Now, dance," Tutu whispered.

That moonrise memory started as a pearl of sweet warmth inside Nanea. Then it grew and grew, spreading to her shoulders, her elbows, her wrists, her fingers. She opened her eyes and tried the step.

"Lovely," Tutu said as the other dancers arrived backstage. A shot of nervousness still fizzed in Nanea's stomach. She took a deep breath knowing the butterflies would go away when she started to dance.

Tutu gracefully stepped out from behind the curtain, up to the big microphone. "Aloha," she said. "The hula is pleasing because of the kumu hula, the chanters, singers, musicians, and dancers all working together." She opened

her arms as if gathering up the entire audience. "I hope you enjoy our dances," she said.

The youngest dancers performed first. They sometimes forgot what they were supposed to do, but the men in uniform—some of them wearing silly hats for New Year's Eve—clapped anyway.

Nanea helped the littles off the stage, the butterflies in her stomach multiplying. Her group was next.

"Smile," Tutu encouraged gently.

Nanea found her place on the stage with the other girls and raised her arms. The music began. Nanea kept her eyes on her hands as they swept left and right while her

feet moved left, right, forward, back. In a few more beats, it would be time for the moonrise motion. Nanea breathed deeply, drawing her memory into her heart.

As the musicians played the final notes of the song, Nanea and the other girls pointed their right feet forward, reached their arms out, hands together, over their toes and bowed.

"That was the best you've ever danced," Mary Lou said when Nanea came off the stage. "It was beautiful."

Nanea saw Tutu smiling at her. Nanea smiled back, feeling lighter than she had in a long time.

After the performance, Nanea helped serve refreshments. She was just about to hand a cup of punch to a soldier wearing an arm sling when she heard a huge commotion.

"Stop! Stop!" someone's voice cried out.

Nanea turned to see a furry blur heading right at her. It knocked the cup from her hands, and punch went flying all over the soldier. "Mele! What are you doing here?" Nanea asked with astonishment as Mele bounded around her feet.

In answer, Auntie Rose came puffing into the room. "Someone set off firecrackers, and Mele got scared. She ran and ran. I think she was looking for you." Auntie Rose bent over, trying to catch her breath.

"Here's a seat, ma'am," the soggy soldier said, pulling up a chair with his good arm.

"Your uniform," Nanea said to the soldier as she started wiping off his sleeve.

He laughed. "No harm done." He bent down so he was eye level with Mele. "Would she mind if I petted her?"

Mele's tail was wagging and her tongue was hanging out. "Mele looks pretty happy about that idea," said Nanea.

"Mele, huh?" The soldier scratched the spot right behind Mele's ears. "My name's Tennessee," he said. "Well, that's what my friends call me. To Uncle Sam, I'm Private First Class Ronald Paul." Mele flopped on her back so Tennessee could rub her stomach.

"She looks like my mutt, Champ," said another soldier.

"Look at that tail wag!" said another.

Nanea smiled. Mele was surrounded by men in uniform, as popular as a movie starlet.

Tennessee gave someone else a turn to pet Mele. "I'm sorry again about your uniform," Nanea told him.

"That's okay. Thanks to you, this is the best *doggone* New Year's Eve party ever," Tennessee said.

Absolutely Essential

CHAPTER 14

The week after the USO show, Nanea opened her front door to the other two Kittens. "Perfect timing. There's fresh guava bread."

"No thanks." Donna kicked off her shoes. "I'm not hungry."

Nanea stared. Donna had never turned down a sweet treat. Then Nanea realized that Donna wasn't chewing gum. "Are you okay?"

Donna opened her mouth to say something, then closed it again. She shook her head, and a teardrop slipped down her cheek.

"Tell us!" Nanea said. She and Lily pulled Donna to the sofa. Mele came and leaned against Donna's legs.

"Nonessential civilians have to leave," Donna said sadly.

"Who?" Nanea blinked.

"Wives and children of military personnel and civilian workers," Donna answered. "Dad has a job repairing ships, but Mom and I aren't helping the war effort." Donna swiped at her cheek. "The Army says we're not necessary."

Nanea felt like she'd been slapped by a cold wave. "You *are* necessary!" she insisted. "You're essential!"

Donna shook her head. "The Army says it'll be easier to feed and protect the island with fewer people. So we have to leave."

"But you're the third Kitten," Nanea protested. "That's a very important job!"

Mele had rolled onto her back, and Donna rubbed her tummy. "Not to the Army," she said.

"So you and your mom have to leave but your father doesn't?" Lily asked.

"That's right." Donna's tears overflowed at that answer.

"Wait a second." Nanea held up a hand. "This is probably another of those rumors."

Lily nodded in agreement. "Like when someone said that clothing store ad was full of clues for Japanese spies," she said.

"Right." Nanea slapped her hands on her thighs. "And that wasn't true." Nanea leaned forward. "This is the same thing. A rumor. So let's not borrow trouble." Nanea tried to sound confident, but she felt uncertain.

"I don't know." Donna bit her bottom lip.

Mele whined. "She needs to go out," Nanea said.

All three girls went to the backyard with Mele. Across the way, Auntie Rose was bent over a low tub.

"What are you doing?" asked Lily.

"Is that dye?" Donna asked.

Auntie Rose stood up and pressed her hands to the small of her back. "Now that the tourists have stopped coming, we lei sellers don't have any customers. But Uncle Sam has decided to use our sewing skills for making camouflage netting." She smiled proudly. "Now we are as busy as ever."

"What does the government want with camouflage nets?" Donna asked.

"They'll use them to cover buildings and equipment and even soldiers," Auntie Rose explained. "That way, enemy planes can't see them from the air."

Camouflage nets are essential, Nanea thought, *but my friend isn't?* Suddenly Nanea had an idea. "Can we help?" she asked Auntie Rose.

Donna and Lily gave her funny looks. But Nanea didn't care. If it wasn't a rumor—if nonessential civilians had to leave—then she had a plan. As long as Donna *did* something essential, she would *be* essential. The government would have to let her stay!

Auntie Rose handed each girl a stout stirring stick. "Be careful not to get any of the dye on your clothes," she said. "Or yourselves!"

Nanea's tub was olive green. She stirred the murky

water in a figure-eight pattern. Donna stirred brown, and Lily black. They stirred and stirred and stirred.

"What are you so cheerful about?" Donna asked when Nanea started whistling.

Nanea didn't want to give her plan away. It would be a big surprise for Donna and Lily. "I'm just happy to be dipping my paddle in," she said.

Auntie Rose checked on their progress. "Looks good," she said. "I'll take over from here."

She carefully fished out the wet fabric strips, hanging them on shrubs around her yard so they could dry.

"One more step," she said. "Come, keep me company." Settling in a big wicker chair on her lanai, Auntie Rose began to tear lengths of dry fabric into strips, and then the strips into smaller bits. "We weave these strips into the netting," she explained.

"Can we help tear, too?" Nanea asked.

"Sure." Auntie Rose tossed them each a handful of fabric.

"This is easier than stirring," Lily said, ripping a strip of fabric in half.

"It's as easy as chewing gum," Donna added.

Nanea was so happy to be essential that she tore the pieces as fast as she could. "Oops!" She held a tiny scrap. "This one's too small. I'd better throw it away."

Auntie Rose stopped her. "Good nets are made with lots of different fabric scraps. All shapes. All sizes. No piece is too small."

Nanea's heart fluttered with joy. No piece was too small. That meant no helper was too small. Soon, the Army would see that all the Kittens were essential to the war effort. Especially Donna!

Anything for a Friend

CHAPTER 15

"Time to go," Mom called the next morning.

Nanea waggled her fingers at Mele. "We're getting fingerprinted! I'll be back soon." Nanea shut Mele in the bedroom so the dog wouldn't come looking for her again. Then she hurried outside to David's car.

Nanea joined Mary Lou in the backseat. "I think it's going to be nifty to have an identification card to carry around. Kind of like the one I used to have for the Dick Tracy fan club. Only more grown-up."

"That's one way to think about it, Monkey." David shifted gears. "But I wonder why ID cards are only required here in the Territory."

"You don't have to get an ID card if you live on the mainland?" Mary Lou asked.

David shook his head. "Nope."

"I'm sure there's a good reason," Mom said.

Nanea sighed. During war, it seemed especially important to follow the rules. And now there were so many new rules: when to be home, when to turn the lights out, even when to shop.

At the processing station, they went to the end of a long line. Nanea was trying to get used to such lines. They were everywhere: at the market, at the bank, at the post office. David found a friend to talk to while Mary Lou took a seat against the wall and pulled out the olive green muffler she was working on. Lately, she'd been so busy knitting that a layer of dust had settled on her record player.

While they waited in line, Nanea told Mom about helping Auntie Rose make the camouflage nets. "It's an essential job," Nanea said.

Mom nodded. "There are lots of essential jobs to do these days," Mom said.

"Really?" Nanea was curious. "Like what?"

"The Red Cross always needs help rolling bandages," Mom said.

Rolling bandages was not Nanea's favorite task. In fact, it was completely boring. "What about something Lily and Donna and I could do together?" Nanea asked. "Something more, um . . . active?"

Mom put her arm around Nanea. "I know it's been hard to be cooped up inside so much," Mom said. "You and your friends want to get out and *do* something. I bet you'll think of some way to help the war effort."

Before Nanea could say anything else, David joined her and Mom in line. "I just found out that three more of

my friends from McKinley High School signed up," David announced. Then, under his breath, he muttered, "I wish I was already eighteen."

Nanea felt her stomach turn over. Donna wasn't the only one Nanea was worried about. It was less than six months until David's eighteenth birthday. Would he wake up on June fifth and enlist? Would he leave Hawaii?

Nanea looked at Mom, who was very quiet. Nanea could see the little worry lines on her forehead. David-worry lines.

Suddenly the man at the counter was waving them forward.

"It's our turn, Mary Lou," Mom called.

The four of them stepped forward. The man behind the desk asked Mom some questions. Then the other members of Nanea's family got fingerprinted.

"Now I just need your index and middle fingers," the man said to Nanea. He helped her press the fingers of her right hand, one at a time, to the inkpad and then on the card. Then he repeated the steps with her left hand. And that was it.

"Here you are," he said a few minutes later when he handed Mom the ID cards. "Next!"

ID cards were not the only new requirement for islanders. The military was worried that the Japanese would return and release poisonous gas, so everyone in Hawaii was required to carry a mask. Everywhere. All the time. Even kids.

When the masks had first been issued, Nanea had felt like a real soldier for the war effort. But the masks were as heavy as bowling balls. And hot! Luckily, there'd only been one gas drill so far.

But a few days later, when Nanea called out that she was going to Lily's house, Mom stopped her. "Don't forget your gas mask!" Mom said.

Nanea groaned. "Do I have to take it?"

"Yes," Mom replied. "It's the rule."

Nanea shifted her mask in her arms this way and that as she headed down the front steps. Donna met her on the sidewalk. She was struggling with her own gas mask.

"These things are so heavy," Nanea grumbled.

"And hard to hang on to," Donna added.

Nanea couldn't help but giggle as the gas mask slipped in Donna's arms. "It looks like you're wrestling with a sea monster!"

When they got to Lily's, they added their gas masks to the pile in the front hall. Lily's living room was full. All the girls from their class were there, along with some of

Tutu's hula students. Nanea had gotten everyone together to talk about ways they could help the war effort. Nanea wanted to pitch in, and she knew there had to be more ways to show that Donna was essential and needed to stay in Honolulu.

"We could do a scrap drive," Donna suggested. "Uncle Sam needs metal and rubber and paper to make war equipment."

Lily giggled. "Gene's scout troop collected rubber, and some lady gave them three old girdles!"

All the girls laughed. "Even underwear can help the war effort," Nanea said. Then she cleared her throat to share an idea. "Every day the paper prints notices asking people to donate blood," she said.

"Blood?" Lily paled. "Aren't we too young to donate?"

"Yes, we are," Nanea answered. "But we're not too young to collect bottles."

Lily looked relieved.

"After the attack, my brother delivered blood from the Red Cross to the hospital," Nanea explained. "As fast as he delivered them, the hospital needed more. They still need blood. And guess what?" She leaned forward. "There's a bottle shortage." She showed them the other articles she'd clipped from the paper, all about the Red Cross pleading for bottles. "They're essential," she said, smiling at Donna.

"So I think that's what we should collect."

"Different!" Donna exclaimed.

"We'd be the first," said Judy.

"Let's do it!" Lily and Makana clapped their hands.

The girls' voices buzzed as they started making plans. "This will be the biggest drive on the island," Lily predicted.

Nanea was proud to have thought of it.

The next morning, Nanea got up and dressed quietly while Mary Lou snored away. In the kitchen, Mom set two empty juice bottles on the counter. "I saved these to start you off."

"Thanks!" Nanea polished off her papaya and eggs. "Got to go!"

Gas mask and bottles in hand, she ran to the meeting spot on the corner, Mele loping along behind. Donna was already there. A moment later, Lily clattered down the street pulling Tommy's red wagon.

"Our first donations!" Nanea proudly placed Mom's bottles in the wagon.

Mrs. Nicholson smiled when she opened her door. "My favorite neighbors," she said. Then she saw their wagon. "I'm sorry. I donated newspapers last week."

"This isn't a paper drive," Nanea said. "It's for bottles."

"Bottles? Well, that's a horse of a different color." Mrs. Nicholson disappeared into her bungalow and returned with two bottles. "Good luck!"

Donna knocked at the next house.

"I'm all out of scrap metal." Mr. Brown shook his head.

"But we're collecting bottles!" Donna said quickly.

Mr. Brown scratched his nose. "Well, I believe I have a spare." And he did.

The third house was Mrs. Lin's. She added three bottles to their collection. And, thanks to her, word began to spread. By lunchtime, the red wagon was full.

"We should empty this so the bottles don't break," Nanea suggested.

Donna rubbed her middle. "I'm starved."

They emptied the wagon at Nanea's house, carefully packing the bottles into boxes from Pono's Market. Then they devoured the fried bologna sandwiches Mom whipped up.

The Kittens went out three more times after lunch, returning with a full wagon each time. They brought back a last load as David arrived home from work.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

Nanea filled him in.

"And you thought of that?" He ruffled Nanea's hair. "That blood really saves lives." David looked thoughtful.

"Do you remember me telling you about Stan?"

Nanea nodded. "That's what gave me the idea. You were my inspiration."

David looked surprised. "And I am inspired to help you deliver these bottles. Let's get them loaded into my trunk."

The girls had collected so many bottles that they didn't all fit into David's car. "That's okay," David said. "We have time for a couple of trips before curfew."

At the Red Cross building, David pulled around to the back and honked his horn. Three Red Cross ladies opened the loading dock doors. One wore a hat, and one wore glasses. The third lady had blue-gray hair.

"Oh, my!" the hat lady exclaimed when David opened the trunk.

"You don't know how precious this cargo is," the glasses lady said.

"More precious than diamonds," the blue-hair lady added. "We've had such a bottle shortage. You girls are the answer to our prayers!"

When the last box of bottles had been carried inside, the Red Cross ladies told the girls that the next step would be sterilizing. "Then they'll be filled and

put to use," the blue-hair lady explained.

"We'll be back with more!" Nanea promised as they waved good-bye.

"They sure were impressed," David said as he started the car. "Great job, little Monkey."

That night, as they were getting ready for the blackout, Nanea told her mom what the Red Cross ladies had said.

"The bottle collection was a good idea, Nanea," Mom said. "You're going to help a lot of people."

"I hope so," Nanea said, thinking, *I hope it helps Donna.*

"It seems like what you did today could count toward that Helping Hands contest," Mom said. "You definitely helped the community."

"I guess so," Nanea shrugged. "But the deadline for the contest was yesterday."

"Oh, honey. You missed it!" Mom said sadly. "I'm sorry. I should have made a note on the calendar."

"It's okay," Nanea said. And it was. She didn't care much about winning something for herself anymore. Now that she had dipped her paddle in, Nanea wanted to keep helping others. Like Donna. If her plan worked, Donna would get to stay.

Talking Story

CHAPTER 16

On Monday, Nanea found Mom on the telephone. That wasn't unusual. She was often on the phone these days with Red Cross business. But this time Nanea overheard her own name.

"I'm certain that could be arranged," Mom nodded. "Yes, that's fine. I'll tell her. Thank you, Miss Allen." Mom hung up. "That was Gwenfread Allen, a reporter at the *Star-Bulletin*, calling about the bottle drive. She wants to interview you and take your picture for the newspaper." Mom brushed some hair out of Nanea's face. "I am so proud of you!"

Nanea felt proud, too.

"Miss Allen asked that you bring the other girls along. Two o'clock this Thursday, January 29, at the Red Cross Center."

Nanea raced to Lily's house with a huge smile on her face.

"What's going on?" Lily asked as Nanea pulled her off the front porch.

All Nanea would say was, "I'll tell you at Donna's."

Nanea and Lily were out of breath by the time they knocked on the Hills' front door.

No one came. Nanea knocked again. Finally, Mrs. Hill answered.

"Oh, girls," she said. Her voice was so sad. "You are just the medicine Donna needs." Mrs. Hill stepped aside so Nanea and Lily could come in, and Nanea saw that the living room was full of cardboard boxes. One was packed with pots and pans, one with towels, and several with clothes.

"What are all these boxes?" Nanea asked.

Mrs. Hill sighed. "We got some difficult news today."

Nanea's heart stopped.

Mrs. Hill picked up a blanket, folding it into a neat square. "We have to leave Honolulu. Leave Oahu."

She placed the blanket in one of the boxes. "We're shipping out with the other nonessentials—"

"No!" Nanea cried. Not after all she had done to show that Donna was essential! Nanea grabbed Lily's hand and ran to Donna's room.

Donna was slumped on the floor, a box of tissues in her lap. "I told you," she said. "I told you it would happen." Tears dripped down her face.

Nanea fought tears of her own. Donna was essential. What about helping Auntie Rose with the camouflage nets

and collecting all those bottles?

"I thought it was a dumb old rumor," Lily said.

"But it's not." Donna sniffled. "It's not." She grabbed a handful of tissues. Lily and Nanea grabbed some, too. The girls sat together, sniffling. Finally, Nanea had to ask the horrible question. "When do you have to leave?"

"We don't know for sure," Donna whispered. "They'll only give us twenty-four hours' notice."

Nanea's heart sank like a stone tossed into the surf.

"One day?" Lily asked in a small voice.

Nanea thought about the news she had planned to share. She told Donna and Lily about the photograph for the newspaper. "It's on Thursday," she said.

"Maybe I'll still be here," Donna said hopefully.

Nanea closed her eyes. *Donna has to be here for the photo,* she told herself. *She just has to.*

When Nanea got home, Papa was reading the paper in the living room. "That's the biggest storm cloud I've ever seen on your face," he said. He put the newspaper down. "What's up?"

Nanea sat on the sofa next to him, her elbows on her knees, chin in her hands. "Donna and Mrs. Hill have to leave, but they don't know when," she said softly. "It could even be tomorrow!"

Papa shook his head. "Because of that order about nonessential personnel," he said.

Nanea nodded. "But Papa, Donna *is* essential! I came up with a plan to prove it." She described to him everything that they had done. "It's not fair." Nanea started to cry.

Papa gave Nanea his handkerchief. "You're right. It's not fair. You have done so much to help the war effort. So has Donna. You did all the right things." He sighed. "But, honey, no amount of good deeds could've kept Donna here. The Army is trying to keep the island safe. They've made this decision for the good of all."

The decision didn't feel very good to Nanea.

"I know I've been gone a lot, but I've noticed a change in you," Papa put his arm around Nanea's shoulder. "I see you thinking first, and then acting wisely. And you've certainly made sacrifices."

Nanea sniffled and wiped her eyes.

Papa squeezed her two times. Buddies forever. "You're not the baby of the family anymore," he said.

Just a few weeks ago, those words would have made Nanea so happy. But now she understood why Mom had told her not to be in a hurry to grow up. There was no going back.

"Over here, girls!" The photographer waved his hand

above his head. "Look at me. One more shot. Okay, that's a wrap." The photographer started to put his equipment away. "Unless you need anything else, Gwen."

Miss Allen shook her head. She looked more like a movie star than a reporter. She wore her dark hair swept back into a fancy chignon style. A pearl necklace encircled her long, elegant neck. She led Nanea away from her friends to a quiet corner of the room for the interview. "What inspired you to start this bottle drive?" Miss Allen asked, her pencil poised over a slim notepad.

Nanea told her about David's experience at the hospital in the days after the attack. She also told Miss Allen how her hula school danced at the USO to cheer up soldiers. "But I wanted to do something different, something more, to help."

"You and your friends have collected fifteen hundred bottles so far. That will help a lot of people." Miss Allen looked up from her notepad and smiled. "I bet you will inspire even more people to pitch in. I guess it's true when they say 'a little child shall lead them.'"

Nanea smiled weakly and nodded.

Miss Allen studied Nanea's face. "You don't look very happy about that."

"Oh, I am," Nanea replied. "Really."

Miss Allen waited with a patient expression.

"I'm sad about something else," Nanea confessed. "My friend has to leave Hawaii." Nanea couldn't stop the tear from trickling down her face. "The government says she's nonessential. But she's not nonessential to me!"

Miss Allen wrote something on her notepad. "So much has changed since December seventh," she said. "For everyone. But I think this war has been toughest on you kids. I'm sorry."

Nanea nodded, wiping her cheek.

"Thank you for trusting me with your story," Miss Allen said. She stood up and shook Nanea's hand.

Nanea walked back over to Donna and Lily. For a moment, no one said anything, and then Donna reached into her pocket.

"Anyone want a piece of gum?" she asked.

"I do!" Lily held out her hand.

Nanea sighed. "Me, too."

Alohas at the Dock

CHAPTER 17

Easy, Mele," Nanea warned as her dog sniffed at the leis on her bed. "Those are for Donna and her mom." The call had come yesterday, when the girls were having their picture taken. Donna and her mom were leaving today.

Mele tucked her muzzle between her front paws, her brown eyes full of sadness.

Papa appeared in the doorway. "We need to leave," he said gently. The trunk of Papa's car was loaded with some of the Hills' belongings to deliver to the ship.

"I'm coming." Nanea carefully picked up each of the four leis she'd made.

"Auntie Rose would be proud of these," Papa said. "They're beautiful!"

"They are full of aloha," Nanea said softly. "And Auntie says that's what counts."

On the porch, Nanea put on her rubber slippers.

"Ready?" Mom asked, pulling on her good hat.

"Well, the leis are ready," Nanea answered. "But I'm not." Tears stung her eyes again.

Mom brought her close for a hug. "I know this is tough for you." She kissed Nanea's forehead. "But it takes more than an ocean to separate good friends."

Nanea climbed in the backseat and Papa drove up the block, stopping in front of the Sudas' house. Lily came running out, carrying a package, and slid into the back with Nanea.

"Oh, those are beautiful," Lily said, admiring the leis in Nanea's lap.

"That's beautiful, too." The box Lily held was exquisitely wrapped in pink paper. With Japanese gift-giving, the outside of a present was almost more important than the inside.

Lily patted her package. "I made a frame out of Popsicle sticks and painted island flowers—jasmine and hibiscus and wild ginger—all around the edges." She pantomimed using a paintbrush. "I thought Donna could use it for the photo your dad took of the three of us last night."

Nanea nodded. Their families had gathered for one last meal with the Hills. When Papa took the picture, Nanea had forced a smile. She didn't want to feel too sad when she looked at the snapshot later.

At the pier, Nanea and Lily slid out of the car. "I hope we can find Donna and her parents," Lily said.

"We have to!" Nanea insisted as crowds of people

pushed past them. A flash of pink caught her attention. A bubble! "There!" She dragged Lily along. "Donna! Donna!" she called.

The Three Kittens ran to one another while the adults scurried to keep up.

Seeing Donna in her best dress with socks and black patent Mary Janes made Nanea too shy to speak for a moment. Then Donna snapped her gum, breaking the awkwardness. Underneath the fancy clothes was still the same old Donna.

Lily presented her gift. "This is so you never forget us." Her voice was full of emotion. "You can open it on the ship."

"These are for you, too." Nanea slipped one lei over Donna's head, and Mrs. Hill bent down to accept hers.

"The heavenly smell of the islands." Mrs. Hill's words were happy, but her face was sad. "Mahalo." She hugged both girls, and then stepped away with Mr. Hill to talk to Nanea's parents.

Donna looked over at her father. "I don't know when I'll get to see my dad again," she said.

Lily grabbed her hand. "It really hurts to have a puka in your family. I know. But it's not forever."

Donna sniffled. "I'm just worried about him."

"We'll take care of him," Lily assured Donna.

Nanea agreed. "We'll invite him to supper. He is part of our 'ohana."

Donna gave a wobbly smile. "You two are the best. Thank you."

"Don't forget these," Nanea said. She gave Donna the two remaining leis.

"Mom and I will throw them overboard," Donna promised. "So that we'll come back."

The boat horn blasted three times. "Time to go aboard," called Mrs. Hill.

The three best friends couldn't bear to look at one another. Then Nanea put out her pinky. Lily and Donna stuck theirs out, too.

"Kittens forever!" Nanea said.

"Pinky swear," they all said in unison.

Though Nanea had promised herself she wouldn't cry, the tears that had been building up all morning broke through. Matching tear trails trickled down her friends' faces.

Mr. Hill knelt down and gave Donna a long, long hug. Then he stood up and pulled out his handkerchief.

"Come on, dear." Mrs. Hill took Donna's hand. She started for the line of soldiers who were guarding the entrance to the docks. No one, not even Mr. Hill, could go any farther unless they had a ticket to board.

"We'll wave till the ship is out of sight!" Lily called.

"Until our arms fall off," Nanea shouted.

Donna and her mother climbed the steps to the pier and disappeared. Nanea and Lily waited, peering through the fencing. They searched the top deck of the ship, where Donna said she would be.

"There she is!" Nanea finally called.

"She's throwing her lei overboard," Lily added.

Donna's lei drifted down from the ship's rail and landed with a small splash in the water. It bobbed along with the currents. The white plumeria shimmered like pearls on the waves.

Nanea watched as the lei floated back to shore, longing with her whole heart for the day that Donna, too, would return to their beautiful island.

INSIDE Nanea's World

Before World War Two, most Americans on the mainland only knew about Hawaii from postcards and travel posters.

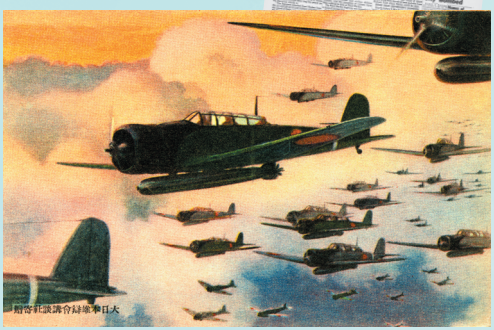
Nanea's home of Hawaii is located in the Pacific Ocean, more than 2,000 miles west of the continental United States. Although the islands were a U.S. territory in 1941, many mainland Americans didn't know where Hawaii was. Most thought of the area as a faraway, tropical vacation spot for the wealthy. That all changed on Sunday, December 7. Japan attacked the Pearl Harbor

Honolulu Star-Bulletin 1st EXTRA

WAR!

OAHU BOMBED BY JAPANESE PLANES

SIX KNOWN DEAD, 21 INJURED, AT EMERGENCY HOSPITAL



naval base near Honolulu on the island of Oahu. Suddenly, everyone knew where Hawaii was, and they knew that the United States was at war.

Homes, businesses, and schools, like the one shown above, were damaged during the attack on Pearl Harbor.

World War Two changed life for all Americans, but the changes were especially dramatic for the residents of Hawaii. Schools were closed immediately. The beaches were lined with barbed wire. The docks, once open to everyone, were now off-limits. Long-distance phone calls were monitored, and mail was *censored*, which meant it was read, and sometimes altered, before it was delivered.

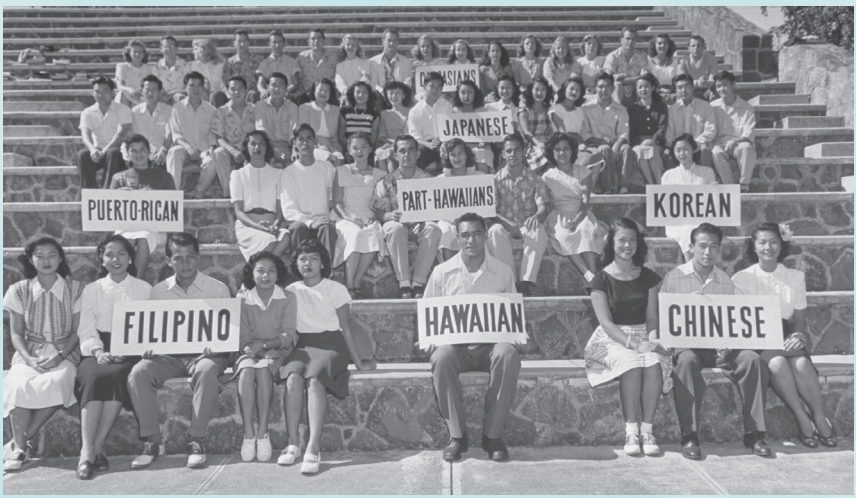
Barbed wire kept enemy planes from landing on the beach.

Living in Hawaii meant following new rules. No one could be outside after curfew unless they had a special pass. Blackouts were strictly enforced from 6:00 p.m. to 6:00 a.m. Absolutely no light was allowed to show inside or outside during this time. For people like

Martial law meant that the military was in charge. Gas masks were issued to all civilians. Everyone over the age of seven had to be fingerprinted and carry an ID card.

Nanea, who were used to spending long days in the sunshine, it was difficult to endure dark evenings inside.

All these changes were part of *martial law*, which was declared on December 7. Hawaii was the only place in the country where the law existed. It went into effect in part because of the large population of people of Japanese descent. In 1941, they were the largest ethnic group in Hawaii and made up nearly 35 percent of the population.



These college students gathered to show the diverse population of Hawaii. Many islanders are of mixed ethnicities.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, military leaders were suspicious of Japanese residents: Could they be trusted as Americans, or would they be loyal to Japan? Martial law allowed the military to closely monitor and control all civilians.

Nanea didn't understand how people could mistrust their neighbors. Hawaiian culture is based on the spirit of *aloha*—being kind and respectful and accepting one another's differences.

Children volunteered at makeshift first-aid stations, like this one, as well as in hospitals.

Like many islanders, Nanea was eager to help the war effort so that life could get back to normal. Girls and boys cooked, served food, and washed dishes for aid workers and people in evacuation centers. They delivered supplies, became junior nurses' aides, and looked after younger children. Many kids took on grown-up responsibilities. Across the islands, people of all ages showed their patriotism with true aloha spirit.

Glossary of Hawaiian Words

ae *(AYE)*—yes; agreement

ʻahi *(AH-hee)*—a large tuna fish

aloha *(ah-LO-hah)*—hello; good-bye; love; compassion

ʻeke hula *(EH-kay HOO-la)*—a bag or basket used to carry hula implements and costumes

e komo mai *(EH KOH-mo MY)*—a greeting of welcome

haole *(HOW-lay)*—a foreigner, usually a white person

holoku *(ho-loh-KOO)*—a floor-length formal gown with a train

hoʻokipa *(ho-oh-KEE-pah)*—hospitality; to show hospitality

imu *(EE-moo)*—a large covered pit where food is baked by hot stones

ipu *(EE-poo)*—gourd drum

kalaʻau *(KAH-lah-OW)*—a pair of hardwood sticks used as hula instruments

kalua *(kah-LOO-ah)*—baked in an underground oven

keiki *(KAY-kee)*—child

kokua *(KOH-KOO-ah)*—assistance; a good deed; to help

kumu hula *(KOO-moo HOO-lah)*—hula teacher

lanai *(LAH-nye)*—covered porch

lei *(LAY)*—a wreath of flowers, feathers, or shells worn around the neck or head

mahalo *(mah-HAH-loh)*—thank you

makaukau *(MAH-kow-KOW)*—ready; prepared

mele *(MEH-leh)*—song

Mele Kalikimaka *(MEH-leh kah-lee-kee-MAH-kah)*—Merry Christmas

mu'umu'u *(MOO-ooh MOO-ooh)*—a long, loose-fitting dress without a train, usually made from brightly colored or patterned fabric

nani *(NAH-nee)*—beautiful

'ohana *(oh-HAH-nah)*—family

'ono *(OH-no)*—tasty; delicious

poi *(POY)*—a starchy pudding made from pounded taro root. A *poi dog* is a mixed-breed dog, named for a now-extinct breed that was fed poi.

pu'ili *(pooh-EE-lee)*—bamboo sticks used as hula instruments

puka *(POO-kah)*—hole. Puka shells have holes in the center.

taro *(TAIR-oh)*—a tropical plant with a starchy, edible root

tutu *(TOO-too)*—grandparent, usually grandmother

tutu kane *(TOO-too KAH-nay)*—grandfather

A Sneak Peek at

Hula for the Home Front

As the first notes of the song filled the USO hall, Nanea thought of Mele in her bedroom, moving in time to this music. Nanea always smiled when she performed, but now she beamed thinking of her little dancing dog.

The sailors and soldiers clapped after every number. Nanea could see from their faces that Tutu was right. The hula stories were taking their minds off their worries.

When the program was finished, Nanea helped serve refreshments. As she handed a cup of Kool-Aid to the next man in line, a voice said, "You're not gonna make me wear that, are you?"

Nanea glanced up. "Tennessee!" she exclaimed. Then she blushed. The last time she'd served him punch, she'd spilled it all over his uniform, with a little help from Mele! "Don't worry. You're safe."

"Does that mean Mele isn't here?" he asked.

"She's not," Nanea said. "That other time was a mistake. She's not really allowed at the performances."

Tennessee looked disappointed. "It didn't seem like a mistake to me," he said. "Seeing that dog did me a world of good." He finished the punch and handed the cup back to Nanea. "Thanks. I best get going."

After Tennessee left, Nanea turned to Dixie and Lily. "He really wanted to see Mele."

"Imagine how happy he'd be if he saw her dancing!" Lily said.

Dixie nodded her head. "What a great idea."

Tutu appeared and put her arm around Nanea. "What's a great idea?" Tutu asked. When Nanea explained, Tutu smiled. "That would really take the men's minds off their worries. In fact, I think you and Hula Dog should perform at the USO show next Saturday."

Nanea gulped. "The one at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel?" That was such a fancy place, and it was only a week away. Nanea was nervous, but then she thought of Tennessee. No matter what, she and Mele would be ready.

Find more stories about these American Girl characters at bookstores and at AmericanGirl.com:

a Nez Perce girl who loves daring adventures on horseback

a Jewish girl with a secret ambition to be an actress

who joins the war effort when Hawaii is attacked

whose big ideas get her into trouble—but also save the day

who finds the strength to lift her voice for those who can't

who fights for the right to play on the boys' basketball team

Nanea wants to help!

She may be the youngest in her family, but she *knows* she's grown-up enough to "dip her paddle in" and be useful. Before she can prove she's ready for responsibility, the unthinkable happens. Japan attacks Pearl Harbor—the naval base where her father works—and America is at war! Now Nanea must cope with missing friends and family members, rumors of additional attacks, and lonely nighttime blackouts. As the war wears on, Nanea faces difficult chores and choices. With the spirit of aloha—love, understanding, and compassion—Nanea helps others in ways she never imagined.

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